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THE
Legend of the Rocks,
AND
OTHER POEMS,

— — —
BY JAMES NACK.
— — —

“ There is a living spirit in the lyre,
A breath of music and a soul of fire ;
It speaks a language to the world unknown ;
It speaks that language to the Bard alone.”

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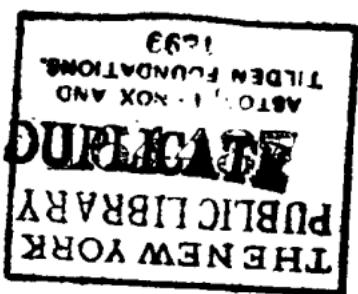
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Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

TO

WILLIAM A. SEELEY, ESQ.

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AS A TRIBUTE OF

ESTEEM, GRATITUDE, AND AFFECTION,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED, HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

17843

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POEMS,

BY JAMES NACK.



THE LEGEND OF THE ROCKS.



O NATURE, canst thou smile serene,
While havoc stalks around the scene ?
The dazzling rider of the skies
Bends from his car with laughing eyes ;
And, warbling down the mountain's side,
The torrent sends its rapid tide,
Till rocky fragments check its path ;
Awhile it foams in seeming wrath,
Then, bounding o'er the barrier's force,
Again it smiles upon its course,

And gliding calm beneath, it winds
Till briny Ocean's arms it finds.

But no congenial sounds attend
With its wild melody to blend ;
No feather'd warblers throng the trees,
Whose leaflets trembling kiss the breeze ;
No birds but birds of prey, are there,
Who for a bloody feast prepare.
No lovers there in accents sweet,
Their ardent vows of truth repeat ;
Instead of Love's enchanting sound,
The roar of battle spreads around ;
The shout of Victory—the yell
Of death—a concert terrible !

Mark yonder youth, with rapid stride,
Rushing, with carnage at his side,
O'er dying foes, while from his might
The living safety seek in flight ;
Or, if they dare oppose him, all
Beneath his boyish prowess fall.

But see, to check his bright career,
A foe of kindred soul appear,
Rushing alone to the attack,
Waving his craven followers back.

The foes before his arms who fled,
 The heir of Carodale had led
 Beside a mountain torrent, gushing
 O'er scatter'd rocks, beneath it blushing
 With many a streak whose bloody trace
 It veils, but never can efface.

Sudden he started, faint and pale,
 The fatal Rocks of Carodale --
 He recogniz'd, by legends old
 Ill omen'd to his race foretold.

'Tis said, the first that on the name
 Of Carodale bestow'd its fame,
 Led in the eager chase astray
 Here wander'd at the close of day :
 He threw himself the stream beside,
 Lull'd by the murmur of its tide,
 And by the day's fatigue oppress
 Welcom'd the soft embrace of rest.

At midnight hour his slumbers fled,
 He started from his grassy bed ;
 The spangled diadem of night
 Resplendent beam'd upon his sight :
 But while his glance regardless turning,
 From the bright gems above him burning,
 Toward a mountain, where appear'd
 A rocky pyramid uprear'd ;

Backward he started with amaze,
 Then turn'd again, with eager gaze,
 The nature of the form to seek
 Descried upon the giddy peak.

Might it not be a cloud of heaven,
 Its form of life by fancy given ?
 But hark, that sound ! repressing fear,
 Rush'd Carodale impetuous near.

Nearer and nearer as he drew
 The form receded from his view,
 Hid by the mountain, but its height
 Attain'd, again upon his sight
 The apparition burst—a maid
 From head to foot in white array'd.

Silent and motionless they stood,
 He would have spoken if he could,
 But a resistless awe had flung
 The wand of silence on his tongue.

At last she spoke : “ Say, warrior, why
 Thy fear ? A timid maid am I,
 Who, far from being fear'd, might be
 As others would, afraid of thee.”
 “ My lady fair, in battle day
 I shrink not from the arin'd array ;

But here to find thee at this hour
 Awaken'd Superstition's power,
 That would, despite of reason, tell
 Thou from a world invisible
 Hadst come, th' unhallow'd eyes to blast
 Around thy haunts presumptuous cast.

But laughing at those vain alarms,
 Superior alone in charms
 To others of thy sex, I trust
 To find thee, if my thoughts be just.

But lady, it were haply rude
 On what concerns thee to intrude :
 What to myself relates I tell——”
 “ And that I know already well ;
 For though we never met before,
 Thy name I know—thy deeds in war :
 I know what brought to yonder vale
 The gallant Lord of Carodale.
 But haste thee, haste thee to my halls,
 The dew of night around thee falls.”

She took his hand—at once the light
 Of heaven, vanish'd from his sight,
 Above—around—where'er his eye
 Was turn'd, it found but darkness nigh :
 He felt a momentary thrill
 But on her path attended still.

Suddenly bursting on his gaze,
 Ten thousand thousand meteors blaze,
 Now o'er the skies resplendent roll'd,
 They wave a sea of flaming gold ;
 Asunder then from their embracés
 They burst, and each the other chascs,
 Dancing upon its flaming wing
 On high, in bright fantastic ring :
 And then in showery spangles, all
 Like stars dethron'd from heaven fall ;
 Like serpents wreath'd they then aspire,
 A dazzling pyramid of fire.
 But brighter far around was thrown
 The light in Beauty's eye that shone ;
 Where'er he turn'd, some bright-ey'd maid
 A heav'n of loveliness display'd ;
 But she, the guide of Carodale,
 Disrob'd her beauty of its veil,
 And stood before his eyes confest,
 The brightest and the loveliest.

As sweetly rose the voice of song,
 With airy step they trip'd along
 Around th' admiring stranger, who
 A wond'ring glance upon them threw ;
 Then turning to his guide, he said, .
 " Fair lady, whither am I led ?
 And who are these ? And who art thou ?"
 Clouds darken on the lady's brow,

Sudden the meteor's blaze expires,
 Then burst again their thousand fires,
 Disclosing only by their light,
 The lady and the wond'ring knight."

" Whatever thou shall hear or see,
 Its nature dare not ask of me,
 For this is all that I may tell,
 I love thee—and I love thee well!"

He starts, as to his ear are sent,
 Breathing unearthly ravishment,
 Those words of love—of blessedness—
 In a delirium of bliss
 He bows her loveliness before ;
 " I thought that I might scarce adore,—
 But oh ! shall I the bliss obtain
 To love and be belov'd again ?
 And may I dare to call thee mine ?"
 " Yes, I am thine, forever thine ;—
 But if thou dare forget this hour,
 Awaits thee my avenging power ;
 Let but thy truth a moment fail,
 And tremble, Lord of Carodale !
 I'll clasp thee in the arms of death,
 I'll yield with thine my dying breath ;
 Come life—come death—we shall not sever,
 For thou are mine, and mine forever!"

Oft as the moonlight fair display'd
 The mountain imag'd in its shade,
 Upon its head might be descried
 The knight, awaiting for his bride,
 Till she arriv'd at midnight hour,
 To lead him to her fairy bower.

O who the maid could look upon
 The Lord of Carodale had won,
 And think the heart that once he gave her,
 Could ever for a moment waver ?

The poet's and the lover's dream,
 That lends to its ideal theme
 The loveliness to earth denied,
 Might find in her, and none beside,
 The bright original, array'd
 In all by Fancy's tints pourtray'd.
 O Woman, canst thou hope to find
 A heart that constancy will bind,
 When she with whom, however fair,
 None under heaven might compare,
 E'en the bride of Carodale,
 Was doom'd his falsehood to bewail!

Sure of his falsehood and her fate,
 His coming she would still await,
 Till midnight hour arriv'd and past,
 When sinking from her rock at last,

She sought her fairy bower, forlorn,
The rapid flight of Love to mourn.

'Tis midnight hour—the meteor's glare
Flashing entwines the mountain, there
Upon its pinnacle disclosing
The Lord of Carodale reposing ;
Upon a rocky bed he lies,
His canopy the starless skies.

And who is she half bending hung
Above, her arms around him flung ?
He dreams 'tis she whom to obtain,
The great—the brave had sought in vain,
Till she in Carodale confest
At last the idol of her breast :
And could he with unkind neglect
An offer'd paradise reject ?
Forgetful that his heart and hand
Another justly might demand,
To all except her beauty blind,
He both to Adelaide resign'd.

Not her's the arms that clasp him now,
Not her's that lightning girdled brow—
That eye of fire—that voice of fear
Bursting upon his startled ear,

“ Awake thee, Carodale, awake,
And from the arms that clasp thee break.”

He started—burst from her embrace,
But stood transfix’d upon the place,
As if some spell upon him thrown,
Had petrified his limbs to stone :
His eyes like death’s were fix’d and glaz’d
As on the fire of her’s they gaz’d,
While on his ear appalling fell
Her accents soft but terrible.

“ O dearly shall thy race regret
The hour that we together met ;
The hour I was thy victim made,
My love by perjury repaid.
Full many a bride like thine shall mourn,
The husband from her bosom torn ;
Full many a child like thine shall weep
For sires in bloody graves who sleep,
Victims to my avenging power
Thy race attending from this hour,
Till on these rocks our mingled gore
Shall blush to tell our fate no more.”
Her arms again were thrown around him ;
Firm the embrace in which they bound him,
In vain he struggl’d in their hold ;
Together headlong down they roll’d.

While thus her fearful words ascended,
 His dying groans among them blended :
 “ I clasp thee in the arms of death,
 I yield with thine my dying breath :
 Whom death unites, no power shall sever,
 For thou art mine, and mine forever ! ”

As blushing in their crimson dye
 The rocks address his startled eye,
 The memory of Carodale
 Recall’d the oft repeated tale,
 In this at least appearing true,
 Some curse did all his race pursue,
 That to his brave arm’d fathers gave
 An early and a bloody grave,
 And many a bride and orphan left
 Of husbands and of sires bereft.

The influence of this curse as yet,
 His father nor himself had met,
 For all was shower’d upon his sire
 Love or ambition could require ;
 An angel bride who lov’d him dearly,
 An offspring who reflected clearly
 Their mother’s loveliness, combin’d
 With their heroic father’s mind.

The heroes of his native land
 Were sway'd beneath his high command,
 And though of these not one but found
 What each deserv'd, a name renown'd,
 Sooner the trembling stars would dare
 Their glories with the sun's compare,
 Than they from fame's award to claim
 With Carodale an equal name.
 And he, the hero's youthful son,
 A name among the brave had won
 In former fields, and why in this
 Should he expect the same to miss ?

Not long by that heroic breast
 Was Superstition's fear confest ;
 He turn'd,—the coming foe he brav'd ;
 Upon their swords, contending wav'd,
 As round the warriors' helms they flew
 The sun his dazzling image threw,
 As pleas'd upon their valour gazing
 He twin'd for each a halo blazing
 With radiant glory, from his own
 Effulgency reflected thrown.

Their boyish lineaments proclaim
 The heroes are in age the same ;
 And as they struggle in the fight,
 The same you would declare their might.

For Victory appears to rest
 Alternate upon either crest,
 Uncertain where at last to fling,
 The glory of her dazzling wing.

Full well thy weapon, Maurice, shows
 A hero's blood within thee flows ;—
 But ah ! thy rival's arms prevail !
 Thou fallest, heir of Carodale !

The stream his lifeless form receives,
 That bloody streaks behind it leaves
 As gliding where the current leads
 It from the victor's eyes recedes.

But hark, what yells of fury rise !
 Not thunder, when it tears the skies,
 And earth below in terror shrieks,
 In voice of deeper horror speaks ;
 Nor when through darken'd heaven dashes
 The lightning's tide, more dread its flashes
 Than in that warrior's eyes are blazing
 Upon his son's destroyer gazing,
 While frantic shouts of rage ascend,
 From all who on his path attend.

“ And art thou fallen in the place
 Accurst to all thy father's race !

But fatal rocks those rocks shall be,
 By yonder heav'n, to more than thee !
 Secure—disarm him—but forbear
 To touch the life that I would spare,
 Until the field be fought and won,
 And *then* revenge is thine, my son !”
 They rush—they throng the youth around,
 And from the field, disarm'd and bound,
 They drag him to their chieftain's camp,
 To wait the moment that shall stamp
 His destiny.—Meantime the sword
 Of Carodale destruction pour'd ;
 The frantic might that vengeance gave,
 Had made the bravest doubly brave ;
 And kindling at his madden'd ire,
 His warrior's rag'd with kindred fire,
 The living from their fury sweeping,
 And dying throngs before them heaping.

The field is won,—the foe has fled,—
 And laurels clasp the victor's head ;
 But ah ! they wreath a darken'd brow,
 That smil'd in their embrace till now !
 But could he smile, bereft of one
 Belov'd as his heroic son ?
 O think not that in glory's sound,
 The voice of Nature can be drown'd !
 Though glory no heroic soul
 Could more than Carodale's control,

How gladly would he throw away
 The fame of that victorious day,
 And fly from those who fled before him :
 Could infamy his son restore him !

'Tis night,—and heaven's myriad eyes
 Display where many a warrior lies,
 Amid the throng his arm had spread
 Around him, on a gory bed.
 There some, upon their throbless breasts,
 Pillow, perhaps, the fallen crests
 Of those to whom their fury gave,
 Before they found the same, a grave.

Alone the silence to dispel
 The measur'd tramp of sentinel,
 And the low murmur of his song,
 Mix'd with the breeze's voice along.
 That scarce disturb'd, as gliding by,
 The victor's banner planted high.

Toward the field of battle glancing,
 Antonio, startled, sees advancing
 A warrior from the heap of slain,
 As one were call'd to life again,
 Arm'd in the terrors of the grave
 His conqueror again to brave.

It was not quite devoid of fear
 He saw that warrior striding near ;
 But let him be of earth or not,
 Antonio scorns to quit the spot,
 Or call another's arms for aid,
 Against a single hostile blade.

The stranger now was at his side ;
 "Where is your chieftain ? Where ?" He cry'd,
 "Where is he ? Instant lead me there !"
 What wouldest thou with him ?"

" Wilt thou dare
 The way of Uthwold's chief impede !
 To Carodale this instant lead :—
 Ha ! Wilt not ? This brooks no delay,
 Where now thou art forever stay ?"
 At once Antonio's helm is riven,
 But ere a deadlier blow is given,
 The clash of their contending arms,
 The warriors around alarms.
 " To arms ! to arms ! the foe is nigh !"
 From tongue to tongue resounds the cry
 Throughout the camp, and hurried all
 Pour forth tumultuous at the call.

Awaken'd from a trance of grief,
 Sternly among them comes their chief ;
 Their clamours wild his presence hush'd,
 They saw his aspect calm, and blush'd

That they themselves had fears confess,
Unworthy of the soldier's breast.'

" Where is the foe you seek ?" He cry'd—
" Turn and behold him at thy side !
As thou didst love thy fallen son,—
As thou dost prize thy laurels won,
Or future laurels wouldest procure,
Lord Carodale, I thee adjure
Alone to hear me, while I name
The danger that awaits thy fame."
" What of my son ?" In accents wild
He cry'd, " O tell me of my child !"
He sought his tent with hasty stride,
The stranger leading at his side,
And then with tremulous voice exclaim'd,
" O say why thou my son hast nam'd ?"
" Didst thou not love him ?"

" Sure no sire,
Could of another that inquire !
No infant innocence carest thee,
Nor dawning valour's laurels blest thee,
No father hast thou been, nor art,
Or thou wouldest know a father's heart."
" A father's heart as well I know
As thou—Behold thy deadly foe !
Uthwold himself before thee stands
Alone amid thy hostile bands ;—

A father's heart has hither led me,
Where there are none but hate or dread me.”

His helm aside the chieftain laid,
And his dark lineaments display'd
To Carodale, who thus express'd
The feelings rising in his breast.
“ Uthwold ! it is with pitying grief
I meet thee thus, thou outlaw'd chief !
For now returns to memory's eye,
The years of happiness gone by,
When each could welcome in the other,
His dearest friend,—his heart's best brother.
Though thou on the embattled field,
Thy parricidal arm didst wield
Against thy country, and hast riven
Away the heart to thine once given,
A brave and noble friend I've known thee,
And brave and noble still I own thee ;
Rebel and traitor as thou art,
Still fondly turns to thee my heart,
And wouldst thou treason's cause resign,
That heart were altogether thine.”

“ Not Uthwold's were a traitor's brand—
THE SAVIOUR OF HIS NATIVE LAND !
That name had blest him, had his might
Avail'd to do his country right.

But I will fly the patriot's fame,
 And welcome a dishonour'd name,
 And bid mine injur'd country groan
 Beneath a vile usurper's throne,
 And bear the curse and scorn of all
 Whose blessings now upon me fall ;—
 Yes, Uthwold's Chief will deign to be
 A despot's slave, as vile as thee,
 And e'en in him, the wretch whose guilt,
 His country's noblest blood has spilt,
 Will own—nay not a friend—a lord
 And master—if he will accord
 One boon—a boon that to deny,
 Would bid his ev'ry laurel die.”

“ Such language, daring and severe,
 As yet has never met my ear ;
 But this I well from thee can bear ;
 And whatsoe'er the boon, I swear
 To grant it if my power extend,
 'Tis granted to regain a friend,
 And purchase for a nobler cause,
 The sword he for Rebellion draws.”

“ Lord Carodale, hast thou not sworn,
 The dawning of to-morrow's morn,
 To yonder rocks shall see thee lead
 A noble victim, there to bleed—

For what !—For being brave ! O shame
 Eternal light upon thy name
 If thou canst do it !”

“ Uthwold, what
 Concerns thee in the rebel’s lot ?”
 “ He is the heir of one whom thou
 Hast call’d thy bosom friend but now ;
 And though our hearts were long estrang’d,
 Those hearts shall be again exchang’d ;
 Aye ! and thy tyrant shall command,
 The service of my heart and hand,
 If thou my Alvo canst forgive
 His valiant arm, and bid him live.”

“ Forgive him ! never ! with what pride
 I watch’d my son’s victorious stride,
 And smil’d to think, that when at last
 His father’s bright career were past,
 Around his brow would fame entwine
 A brighter wreath than beams on mine.
 My hopes forever overthrown,
 Shall not the blood of him atone
 Who blasted them, and from my name
 Has torn the pillar of its fame ?”

“ Yet Aldimer is left to thee
 To link it to eternity :—
 Say, hast thou not another son ?
 Then spare—O spare mine only one !

Nay turn not thus away—but see
E'en haughty Uthwold bends his knee !”

“ He kneels in vain—The eyes of light
Shall open to a bloody sight,
A victim to my slaughter'd son
The rocks of Carodale upon !”

“ Be I the victim then ! O spare
My son, and let his father bear
Whate'er thou wouldst inflict !”

“ Away !
‘Tis danger's voice forbids delay.”

“ Danger! ha! saidst thou ? dost thou threat!
But Uthwold may not answer yet.
Though keen is the avenging steel,
O keener far the pangs I feel!
And thou shalt feel them too—The doom
Is past upon thee, to thy tomb,
With anguish wild to recollect
The hour thou durst my boon reject ;
And ev'ry drop of Alvo's blood,
Shall prove to thee a burning flood.”

A fierce unearthly glance he cast
At Carodale, and from him past,

While he in solitude resign'd
 To painful reverie his mind,
 From which approaching footsteps near
 Disturb'd him, as they reach'd his ear.
 A soldier's voice admission claim'd,
 He enter'd and his errand nam'd :
 " I come from Alvo—that my lord
 To-night would see him, he implor'd."
 " And let him come—As Uthwold knelt,
 In vain this broken heart to melt,
 Let Alvo too for mercy bend
 In vain, for none shall I extend."

He comes—but nor in look nor mien
 Of fear can any trace be seen ;
 His step is firm, and calm his brow ;
 " Lord Carodale, I come not now
 In tears to grovel at thy feet,
 And mercy that I scorn entreat ;
 No, Alvo comes not to disgrace
 The spirit of his haughty race.
 Lord Carodale, my doom I know
 From mine, and from my country's foe,
 But need not say I dread it not,
 Unless my sire thou have forgot.
 My sun of fame that dawn'd so bright
 By thee is set in timeless night :

By thee the flow'rs of hope that bloom'd
 So fair, in blood must be entomb'd ;
 And dreader far, by thee I part
 From all who priz'd and shar'd my heart !
 Lord Carodale, by thee I die ;
 But thou wilt not my boon deny,
 To tell my lov'd betrothed bride,
 Her Alvo bless'd her as he died."

" If deign the Lord of Carodale
 To bear of love thy silly tale,
 What castle holds thy lady fair ?"
 " I know not—I was never there."
 " How met you then ? And where ?"

" One night

I pass'd by yonder rocky height,
 And witness'd with a thrill of dread,
 A maid descending from its head.
 A veil from head to foot conceal'd
 Her form and figure—but reveal'd
 The dazzling splendor of her eyes,
 Like stars that burst the shrouded skies.
 She paus'd—one glance upon me threw,
 Then like an airy spirit flew;
 My steps attended her's amid
 A wood, when sudden darkness hid
 All that around had met mine eyes,
 And when again the spangled skies

Upon me in their beauty shown,
I found the apparition flown.

“ I paus’d, till came upon mine ear
The clash of arms,—the shriek of fear ;—
I hasten’d where the scene display’d
A ruffian band—a captive maid ;
Of her attendants on the ground
Some bleeding lay, the rest were bound.
One moment on the scene I gaz’d,—
My sword was bar’d—my arm was rais’d,—
Its fury on the ruffian fell,
Who fled away with terror’s yell.
I granted her request to stay
And be the guardian of her way.
Ere long her heart and mine drew nearer,
And dearer each became and dearer ;
The passion that I soon betray’d,
Was with approving smile repaid ;
But ere she gain’d her father’s hall,
I left her at the battle call.

This portrait see—this braid of hair
That in my bosom still I wear !
Lord Carodale—why start’st thou so ?
If thou my Julia chance to know,—
If my belov’d thou ever see,
O charge her to remember me !”

“ Aye that she shall, as one who gave
 Her brother an untimely grave!”
 Her brother!”

“ Yes, in Maurice bled
 Her brother, and upon thy head,
 Her curses shall with mine be pour’d,
 To give thy love its due reward.”

Those arms so wildly toss on high,—
 That throbbing brow—that bursting eye,—
 Like lightning’s wings thro’ darkness flashing—
 That laugh—those teeth convulsive gnashing—
 That quiv’ring lip—the deep excess
 Of madden’d agony express.

They bore him raving from their chief,
 Who sought in slumber’s arms relief
 From warring passions, that his breast
 With their contentions wild opprest.



The sun’s arising beams display
 Of Carodale the throng’d array ;
 No banners proudly wav’d unfurl’d,
 But round the standards drooping curl’d ;
 The drum—the trump—the clarion shrill,
 That echo’d oft from hill to hill,

Breathing upon the ardent fire
 That wings the martial spirit higher,
 In cadence soft and mournful, swell,
 As now they breathe a hero's knell.

On yonder rock see Carodale,
 Where, if we may believe the tale,
 The fairy lady's curse was past.
 In former times, his race to blast.

Impatient longer to remain
 He call'd for Alvo, but in vain :
 Not one of all his warriors nigh,
 Who dar'd to his demand reply,
 Till, while abash'd retir'd the rest,
 Antonio thus his chief addrest :

“ Last night, at hour of midnight came,
 A sudden tremor o'er my frame ;
 A whirlwind rock'd the trembling ground,
 And vivid meteors flam'd around,
 As if away the veil were riven,
 That hides from earth the blaze of heaven—
 Didst thou not mark it, Carodale ? ”
 “ No, nor believe thine idle tale.”
 “ To doubt it is to do me wrong,
 For proof I turn thee to this throng,
 Who shar'd the tremor that I knew,
 And witness'd what I witness'd too :

But if thou other proof wouldest find,
 Seek Alvo's guards, now stricken blind ;
 Whose eyes in an unearthly night
 Some power has seal'd, to aid the flight
 Of him, to-day by thee decreed
 Upon the fatal rocks to bleed,
 Of whom no trace can now be found,
 Though well we all have look'd around.”

While thus he hears his victim's flight,
 What but some talisman of might
 Subdues him thus, that he proceeds
 As calmly as he nothing heeds !
 Nor word nor gesture rage betray,
 As from the rocks he turns away.

The towers of Carodale are nigh
 To greet their lord's returning eye.
 Oh once how swift he wing'd his steed—
 How laggard seems its lightning speed,
 Returning his belov'd to meet,
 And shower his laurels at her feet !
 But now that he had left behind
 Their son belov'd to death resign'd,
 With a reluctant step and slow
 He comes—the messenger of woe !

With rapture sparkling in her eyes
 She runs,—to his embrace she flies,
 “ My love! my Carodale!” are all
 The words that joy permits to fall,
 But in her eyes, all words above,
 He reads the eloquence of love.

At last from his embrace unbound,
 She sends her eager glance around,
 “ And Maurice ? Why does he delay
 A mother’s fond embraces ? Nay
 My love, why dost thou darken so ?”—
 He struggles to reply—but no—
 The words to silence back were flung,
 Upon his lips that quiv’ring hung.
 He turn’d to dash away the tears
 Unknown till then from infant years ;
 She hasten’d,—to her throbbing breast
 Her Carodale she fondly prest,
 And mix’d her tears with his, although
 She knew not what had bid them flow.

What angel she, who to the bower
 Approaches in that mournful hour ?
 ’Tis Julia ;—to her sire she springs,
 But round him as her arms she flings,
 Their weeping eyes her parents raise,
 She starts as anguish meets her gaze,

And sinking, asks on bended knee
To share their grief, whate'er it be.

“ Maurice is slain !—Nay why that start—
That shriek as it would rend thy heart ?
I tell thee girl, that thou wilt bless
The cause of all our wretchedness.”

“ Bless him ! May heaven’s curses rain
On him who has my brother slain !”
“ And yet he bade me Julia tell,
Her Alvo blest her when he fell !”

Alternate to his wife and child,
He turn’d his gaze with laughter wild,
As he were blest to find them share
The horrors doom’d himself to bear.
“ Fiend of the Rocks ! I find at last
Thy curse indeed upon us past ;
But why so kind as spare me one
Who yet may bless me as my son ?
Take Aldimer, that we may boast
Of all we are unblest the most !”

While thus he madly speaks, his eye
Is turn’d upon a packet nigh ;
He raises,—reads the fatal scroll,—
What agonies convulse his soul !

“ Now feel the pangs by Uthwold felt
 For Alvo when in vain he knelt!
 No son to me thy vengeance left,
 And mine has thee of all bereft,
 For from the rock where Alvo bled
 Of Aldimer shall roll the head !”

His hand upon his sword was laid,—
 Another moment and the blade
 His bleeding spirit would have freed ;
 But see, as if the frantic deed
 Of madden’d anguish to oppose,
 The dead before his eyes arose,
 Young Aldimer from Uthwold springs,
 And laughing to his father clings,
 And to Corinna Maurice flies
 Again to bless a mother’s eyes,
 And Alvo’s lips again repeat
 The words of love at Julia’s feet,
 “ My Julia ! my belov’d one ! see
 Thy Alvo lives, and lives for thee !”

Uthwold alone who calmly eyes
 Their bursts of rapture and surprise,
 On Alvo calls—“ To these explain
 How thou and Maurice met again.”

Around him all attentive clung,
 And on his accents breathless hung.

“ Condemn’d to die,—in fetters bound
I lay, while stalk’d the guard around,
When suddenly I felt a shock
That made the earth beneath me rock.
A form unearthly met my sight ;
Though dazzled by its shroud of light
I recognis’d the fairy maid
Who led me once to Julia’s aid.
She took my hand,—but where she led
I cannot tell, for darkness spread
Around me, till my ravish’d eyes
Beheld her fairy paradise ;
All that of earth is bright and fair
Was lovelier and brighter there.

As vanish’d mine unearthly guide
A warrior approach’d my side,
’Twas Maurice,—in affection’s grasp,
His hand was stretch’d mine own to clasp,
But ere one greeting word we spoke
The voice of song the silence broke.

AIR.

’Tis the night the fairy maid
Weds again her faithless lord ;
Love, on earth but ill repaid,
Here receives its just reward.

Art thou ask'd where fickle gales
 Quench or kindle passion's flame,
 Where the pain of love prevails
 O'er its bliss, thou earth canst name.

Canst thou tell where love is true ?
 Where no pain alloys its bliss ?
 Know, if yet thou never knew,
 In no world but heav'n and this.

As on our ear those accents came,
 From form to form a wreathing flame
 Was varied, and at last display'd
 The temple of the fairy maid.
 The gates of light were open'd wide,
 Disclosing at the fairy's side
 A warrior arm'd, whose mien and face,
 Declar'd of Carodale the race.

He for a moment on us glanc'd,
 Then beckon'd, and we both advanc'd.

“ Behold me, Carodale, from whom
 Our race receiv'd its fatal doom !
 That doom is now remov'd by me,
 And never more pronounc'd shall be

Unless,—but O ! of that beware !—
 Of Carodale some future heir
 Should break a heart that lov'd him well,—
 His guerdon would be terrible !

I caught thee sinking in the wave,
 That mortals now believe thy grave ;
 The spark of life was wav'ring still,
 I dipt thee in the sacred rill,
 Whose inspiration lends to me
 The bloom of immortality.

Return to earth,—if there thou find
 A heart to love and thee resign'd,
 Requite it well, as thou wouldest shun,
 The curse I brought thy race upon.”

He ceas'd, and vanish'd with his bride,—
 The temple in a blazing tide
 Descending, like a river spread,
 When, to enwrap the flaming bed,
 Around ten thousand thousand flowers
 Were scatter'd in ambrosial showers.

To music's lulling sway resign'd,
 In slumber we were soon reclin'd,
 And when awake we look'd around,
 No scenes but those of earth we found.

Alone we in a bark were riding
 That, o'er the stream as swiftly gliding,
 Scarce left upon its placid face
 A dimple's momentary trace ;
 And as we sprung upon the shore
 It sunk, perhaps to rise no more.

Towards the rocks we rais'd our eye,
 And thought some object mov'd on high ;
 As clamb'ring up the rocks we flew,
 My father's voice I heard and knew.

“ No—child, in vain revenge demands,
 Thy guiltless blood at Uthwold's hands.
 Live, cherub live, again to bless
 A father with thy dear caress !
 Yes, he again shall clasp a son
 Who none has left to me—Oh none !”

“ Yes, I am left to thee !” I cried,—
 O need I tell what pass'd beside ?

“ As to the mountain's foot we came
 Flash'd on the rocks a vivid flame,
 And, shooting through the torrent's flood,
 It swept away each streak of blood.
 Some soldiers near attract mine eyes.
 To whom the guards I recognise

Who watch'd me in my captive hour ;
 They tell that an unearthly power
 Had led them where this sudden light
 Again restor'd them to their sight,
 Which from the hour had been denied,
 I left them with my fairy guide.

“ Can Carodale again embrace
 The heirs of his illustrious race,
 And yet deny what I demand,
 His friendship, and his daughter's hand ? ”

“ By Alvo both shall be possest,
 And with them may he long be blest.
 Stern Uthwold, why should darkness now,
 Still wrap her mantle o'er thy brow ?
 Would I a moment might command
 The fairy lady's magic wand,
 If that to kindness might subdue
 The heart whose friendship once I knew ! ”

Who suddenly among them stands
 Surprise and awe that thus commands ?
 All bend but *one* their king to hail—
 “ Rise, valiant lord of Carodale,
 I trust that now thy sword may rest,
 So long my kingdom's prop confest.
 Denied myself a lineal heir
 His father's diadem to wear,

As my adopted heir I own
 The son of him who brav'd my throne,
 But now before me deigns to bend,
 A subject, and a faithful friend."

Their glad acclaims applausive ring,
 " Long live—long live our noble king!"
 And even Uthwold with the rest
 On bended knee his king confess.

" My bravest, noblest foe, arise,
 'Tis said that once to friendship's ties
 Thy heart and Carodale's were given,—
 Say are those ties forever riven ?
 Say if you will be never more
 The friends that you have been before ?"

His arms extended Uthwold threw,
 And Carodale to clasp him flew,
 While Alvo and his Julia smil'd
 To see their fathers reconcil'd.

END OF THE LEGEND OF THE ROCKS.

A FATHER's NAME;

A MONODY.



A FATHER'S NAME ! From infant silence first,
Imperfect, when our childish accents burst,
As to the parent knee we fondly clung,
Around him while our little arms were flung,
As we reclin'd our heads upon his breast,
While to his manly brow our lips were prest,
The earliest accent from those lips that came
Was breath'd to bless him with a **FATHER'S NAME**.

A FATHER'S NAME ! Ah ! you who can bestow
That name, not all its value can you know,
Nor with what agony the heart is riven
Of him by whom it can no more be given ;
Too blest yourselves to tell the orphan's fate,—
His bosom's void,—his feelings desolate,
To find that none remains from him to claim
What he were blest to give,—**A FATHER'S NAME !**

A FATHER'S NAME ! and must we to the tomb
Consign it with him ? Is there none in whom

We still may claim a father and a friend ?
 Thou Father of the fatherless ! we bend
 To Thee, Oh God ! Ours is the orphan's right,
 Which Thou wilt answer, tho' the world may slight ;
 Though all beside be deaden'd to the claim,
 Our God will not reject a **FATHER'S NAME.**

A FATHER'S NAME, Oh ! may we offer Thee !
 May thine a father's care toward us be !
 Our father lov'd us—Oh ! that we may find
 In Thine a father's love remains behind ;
 A love whose smile shall brighten our career
 On earth, and waft our spirits to the sphere
 Where we through immortality may claim
 In his, and in our God's, a **FATHER'S NAME.**

THE ORPHAN's DREAM.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR'S
ADOPTED FATHER.

And dreams in their developement have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.

BYRON.

He died,—would he had been allow'd
To bless his orphan ere he died!
Would that, while I had weeping bow'd
An only parent's bed beside,
His hand upon my bending head
With touch endearing might have prest,
While he these words departing said,
“ My child! may thou in God be blest!”
A father's dying blessing might,
Perhaps, have found avail on high,
And from my mind had chas'd the night
In which I now am doom'd to sigh.
But sudden was his spirit's wing,
As too impatient for the skies,

One short farewell to earth to fling,
Before it should to God arise.

I lov'd him—needs it to be told ?
If mine had been a heart of steel,
It none the less had been control'd
By what the veriest wretch must feel.
I lov'd him, and he lov'd me well,
I weep as I remember this,
Yet in those tears I cannot tell
If there be more of grief or bliss.

As o'er the corpse belov'd I hung
I gaz'd and gaz'd ; 'twas sad but sweet ;
It seem'd the seraphs, whom among,
His spirit went its God to meet,
Returning with him home to heaven
Had left some charm of heav'n behind,
Which to the earthly form was given,
That once his spirit had enshrin'd.
I gaz'd and gaz'd—I could not weep,
I could not think that it was death ;
It seem'd so like a placid sleep,
I watch'd for his returning breath.
I gaz'd and gaz'd,—corruption came,
And all his beauty from him swept ;
Then death too well avow'd his claim,
And then indeed I wept—I wept!—

And yet I turn'd not from him,—no,
 I gaz'd and gaz'd,—my tears fell fast;
 And well it might have bid them flow
 To think that then I look'd my last!
 I gaz'd and gaz'd—my tears were o'er,—
 I know not why I felt so calm,
 Unless some angel bow'd to pour
 Upon my bleeding spirit balm.

They came to take away the bier;—
 They pray'd,—I know not what they said,
 But with my heart I pray'd sincere:—
 They paus'd, and then I turn'd my head
 Behind,—I saw them from the place
 The coffin of my father taking,—
 I rush'd away,—I hid my face,—
 I wept as if my heart were breaking.

When last beside a bier I trod,
 My father's hand in mine was clasp'd,
 But as we bore him to the sod
 Whose hand was that the orphan's grasp'd?
 My brothers all were in the grave,
 None of my kindred were more near
 Than he who to my sister gave
 His name:—beside my father's bier
 He led me.—Thoughts within me rose
 That now I am ashamed to tell,

I've conquer'd them, but heaven knows
 I had to struggle with them well.
 I wish'd my father's bier mine own ;
 My lot was ever so unblest,
 From all the ills that here are known
 I wish'd within his grave to rest.
 I e'en for death a prayer could breathe,
 Sweet heav'n, forgive the impious prayer !
 Submissive now I bend beneath
 Whatever I am doom'd to bear :
 Hereafter let me be resign'd
 However I may be opprest,
 I sure in other worlds sha'l find
 That God has will'd it for the best.

We paus'd when we were near the spot
 Where many of my kindred slumber,
 And then I thought how soon my lot
 Should add me to the lifeless number.

I turn'd,—the sight I could not brook,
 When on his bier they dropt the clod ;—
 I turn'd again, to give a look
 When rose above the heaving sod.
 And as I stood in musing deep,
 The thoughts were mine I may not tell ;
 But they were such I scarce could weep
 For him whom I had lov'd so well.

They call'd me from my father's grave,
 I left it tearless and serene:
 But first a backward glance I gave
 For mem'ry's eye to sketch the scene.—

I came where late my father's bier
 Had in our joyless dwelling stood ;
 I struggled with the bursting tear,
 And check'd the torrent while I could ;
 In vain I check'd it as it gush'd,
 It but awhile restrain'd was kept,
 Then forth at once resistless rush'd,
 And like a very babe I wept.—

I could a something every day
 Connected with his memory find,
 What he was wont to do or say
 To send again athwart my mind :
 And when upon it turn'd mine eye,
 My hands my throbbing brow would press,
 And I with heav'n-ward glance would cry,
 “ My father! I am fatherless !”

Ye who like me have dearly learn'd
 The orphan's feelings, well ye know
 His desolate bleeding heart is turn'd
 To all,—to stranger,—or to foe,
 As he would say, “ Am I not now

An orphan,—friendless,—fatherless!
 Then tell me, tell me, wilt not thou
 With yet a father's kindness bless ?”
 Though every one may be beside
 Unconscious of the mute appeal,
 By God it will not be denied,
 For He the orphan's heart will heal.—

'Twas night—Our friends had left us all ;
 We were alone, the orphan'd three ;
 I thought if it should so befall
 I might my father's spirit see,
 It would not be a sight to fear,
 For this is what full well I knew,
 He ever held his child so dear
 For harm he would not seek my view.
 As thus I thought, I turn'd mine eyes
 Where late his own had on me smil'd;
 As if I thought to see him rise
 Again to smile upon his child.

Upon my pillow lay my head,
 It was to me a lonely place ;
 A father once had shar'd my bed,
 Reclining in his child's embrace ;
 “ But where thy bed of slumber now,
 My father! Death embraces thee!
 My God, may I not hope that Thou
 Wilt now the orphan's father be ?

No other father now is mine,
 Then leave me not quite fatherless ;
 But lend a father's name in Thine,
 The dearest that my lips can bless!"
 There came no answer to my prayer,
 My mind to evil thoughts was left ;
 I felt me in my dark despair
 Of God, as of my sire, bereft !
 Religion ! thy resplendent wing
 Has chas'd away the clouds between,
 And now I hail my God, my King,
 My Father, with a heart serene.—

I pray'd,—my prayer was deep and wild ;—
 I clos'd mine eyes, and then I thought
 The father's image to his child
 Perhaps in slumber might be brought.
 I clos'd mine eyes,—I slept,—for even
 A grief like mine must to the power
 Of sleep, as that of death be given—
 I slept, and in my slumb'ring hour
 A scene was sketch'd by fancy's wand,—
 A scene I never can forget,
 While memory can aught command
 Of what my past career has met.

I saw my father in his shroud,
 He lay extended on a bed ;

I look'd to heav'n,—I wept aloud,—
 I bent to kiss the icy dead!—
 My rising glance around extends,
 In vain mine eyes around me swim;
 It seem'd my sisters,—kinsmen,—friends,
 Had left me all alone with him ;
 Had left me all alone forever
 Beside my father's corpse to kneel!—
 I felt so desolate—O never
 What then I felt may others feel!—

O *thou*—(whose name, tho' breath'd not here,
 Is written on the grateful heart
 From which thy lov'd remembrance ne'er
 In good or evil shall depart,)
 What sudden joy illum'd mine eyes,
 And from my heart what horrors fled,
 As with a cry of wild surprise
 I saw thee, when I turn'd my head !
 I saw thee enter in,—and why
 I knew not,—smiles were on thy face
 The cause was less to smile than sigh
 At such a time in such a place.

My heart almost to bursting beat,
 I rush'd,—I seiz'd thee by the hand,
 I threw me weeping at thy feet,
 I scarce could utterance command.

“ Nay, I am not an orphan quite,
 I claim in thee a father still!
 I yield to thee a father’s right,—
 A father’s part thou wilt fulfil!”
 Thy lips my hand impassion’d prest;—
 Thine arms to raise me open flew
 I sprung, and with a sobbing breast
 My head upon thy bosom threw.
 I heard—(for sleep unseals mine ear!)
 As prest thy lips my throbbing brow,
 The words I was most blest to hear,
 “ Poor boy! I am thy father now!”

I pointed to my father’s bed,
 I saw thee grasp his icy hand;—
 I started,—at thy touch the dead
 Arose before our eyes to stand!
 He spoke,—“ No longer weep for me,
 My son, as one of life bereft;
 They say that I am dead,—but see,
 Thy father yet to thee is left!”

And then thou saidst, “ For this I smil’d,
 When in this gloomy hall I came;
 I knew the father for his child
 Existence would again reclaim:
 I knew to him thy filial sighs
 Would be reanimating breath,

And ev'ry tear that left thine eyes,
Would melt the talisman of death!"'

I could not speak while standing near
The dead who thus a life could borrow,
And yet I was not hush'd by fear,
My thoughts alone were thoughts of sorrow!
He seem'd to have return'd, with all
The pangs, that in his life's decline
Nigh tempted me, on death to call
To free him from his painful shrine.

Ere he had died I gave not way
To thoughts that now I dar'd attend,
But now I could not help but pray,
That death again his pains would end.

His hand he on my shoulder laid ;
I felt it far more heavily
Than when in life, his steps to aid,
He lean'd his tott'ring limbs on me.
I sunk as crush'd beneath the weight,
And as I sunk my slumbers broke ;
I look'd around all desolate,
Alone, in darkness, I awoke.
I look'd as if the scene to view,
That I had witness'd in my sleep ;
And as around my glance I threw
On darkness, I began to weep :

Yet why I wept I cannot say,
 I wept not for his vanish'd track ;
 Not for creation's wide array
 One moment would I call him back,
 And bring his spirit from the sphere
 Where now it is in bliss enthron'd,
 Again to writhe in anguish here,
 Where it so long imprison'd groan'd.

And what was pleasing in my dream
 To find untrue I did not fear,
 For *thee* I thought I might esteem
 As if thou wert my father dear :
 I thought perhaps it might be so
 Thy heart would as a father's love me ;
 And none a father's love who know,
 I then should think were blest above me.
 I've offer'd thee a father's name,
 A name that thou hast not rejected ;
 And I were happy in the claim,
 Were I by all beside neglected.—

I deem not in my dream was aught
 That from unearthly cause might spring,
 The tenor of the waking thought
 Directed slumb'ring fancy's wing ;
 Yet could that dream such thoughts inspire.
 As if alone from heav'n it came,

To soothe my anguish for my sire,
 And guide me to transfer the name.
 It check'd me for the ingrate tear,
 When it the dread event display'd,
 Could weeping call him from the bier
 Where I had wept to see him laid ;
 It told me who deserv'd the best
 The name I once to him had given ;
 Thus thinking, I at times confess
 The thought that it had come from heaven.

My mind too on the words would dwell,
 That bade me weep for him no more,
 As one whom life had bid farewell,
 And then I bade my tears be o'er.
 My father lives in worlds of bliss,
 He bends from heav'n to bless his son,
 And, ingrate ! shall a tear for this
 Be shed again ? Not one !—not one !—

My sister has a lovely child,
 A little, prattling, cherub boy ;
 He came, and laugh'd his dark eyes wild,
 And dimpled his fair cheek with joy ;
 Where is my grand-papa ? he said ;
 He sought him in the chamber, where
 Had stood my father's dying bed,
 And wonder'd not to find him there.

They told him he was far away,
 His home was in a happy place.
 And there we all some future day
 Should go to see my father's face.
 "Yes, we shall go?" Exclaim'd the boy,
 "To see him in his home up high!"
 He smil'd,—it was a thought of joy
 To him,—and tell me, sisters, why
 We smile not as that cherub smil'd,
 And in that blissful thought forgot,
 As well as did that artless child,
 The transient parting to regret?—

O *thou* adopted by my heart,
 And it would seem, by heav'n, to be
 My father!—such indeed thou art
 By all a father's love to me ;
 By all the kindness thou hast shown
 To one to whom but few are kind,
 By *this* thou art my father known,
 Nor nature's ties could stronger bind.
 Though much unkindness I have borne
 From others since my father died ;
 From looks of anger or of scorn,
 Though tearful oft I turn aside ;
 Though many a day to come, perchance,
 Mine eyes must shrink from eyes unkind,
 I reck not for it, in thy glance
 While I a father's love can find!

My heart was glad when dawn'd the year
 Whose rapid wing has now departed,
 I thought not for a moment, ere
 Its close, I should be broken-hearted!
 I thought not that before the day
 Return'd, I was so glad to see,
 None would be left to whom to say
 “ My father!” Save my God and Thee!
 My God and Thee! Shall I repine,
 Who can in each a father hail!
 While God and Thou as yet are mine
 Shall sorrow more than joy prevail ?
 No,—Let me hail this dawning year
 As gladly as I hail'd the last;
 Perhaps it brings in its career
 A brighter fortune than the past ;
 But if destruction ride its wing
 And strip me as it flies, of all
 That brightness on my lot can fling,
 Nor leave one blessing mine to call,
 So be it, then,—I will not be
 Impatient of the heav'nly will,
 While yet allow'd in God and Thee
 To hail a friend and father still!

Thou Father of the Fatherless!
 O may this year upon its wing ;
 As I would bless thee, thee to bless,
 Whatever best can glad thee bring :

Nor this alone,—may ev'ry year
Its choicest blessings on thee shower,
Till to a better, brighter sphere
To waft thee shall arrive the hour;
Then at the portals of the skies,
O may my spirit thine embrace,
And lead thee where my father's eyes
Behold his blest Redeemer's face;
There may our spirits dwell with him
And all beside we value here,
Among the radiant cherubim
To celebrate the endless year.

JANUARY 1ST, 1827.

THE MINSTREL BOY.



THE very thoughts which were passing in the mind of the author, at the time of writing the "Minstrel Boy," are undisguisedly express in that Poem; and more freely, perhaps, than they would have been, had he expected that the effusions of his pen would be exposed to the public eye; which he could not imagine, at a time that there was not even one well-informed person, to whom his poetical pretensions were known. However, he submits it as it is to the public, as none of his friends have advised the suppression of any part; but not without some apprehension that some passages may be construed as expressive of impatience under the dispensations of heaven, as at the time of writing it, he was peculiarly unhappy, and too deficient in submission to, and confidence in, his Creator.



1.

And am I doom'd to be denied forever,
The blessings that to all around are given?
And shall those links be reunited never
That bound me to mankind, till they were riven
In childhood's day? Alas, how soon to sever
From social intercourse, the doom of heaven
Was past upon me! and the hope how vain,
That the decree may be recal'd again!

2.

Amid a throng in deep attention bound,
 To catch the accents that from others fall,
 The flow of eloquence—the heav'nly sound
 Breath'd from the soul of melody, while all
 Instructed or delighted list around,
 Vacant unconsciousness must *me* enthrall!
 I can but watch each animated face,
 And there attempt th' inspiring theme to trace.

3.

Unheard, unheeded are the lips by *me*,
 To others that unfold some heav'n-born art;—
 And melody—Oh dearest melody!
 How had thine accents, thrilling to my heart,
 Awaken'd all its strings to sympathy,
 Bidding the spirit at thy magic start!
 How had my heart responsive to the strain,
 Throb'd in love's wild delight, or soothing pain!

4.

In vain—alas, in vain! thy numbers roll—
 Within my heart no echo they inspire;
 Though form'd by nature in thy sweet control
 To melt with tenderness, or glow with fire,
 Misfortune clos'd the portals of the soul,
 And till an Orpheus rise to sweep the lyre
 That can to animation kindle stone,
 To me thy thrilling power must be unknown.

5.

Yet not that every portal of the mind
 Is clos'd against me, I my lot deplore ;
 Although debar'd by destiny unkind
 From one that never shall be open'd more,
 Still from my lot at times relief I find,
 When science, I thy temple stand before,
 Whose portal thou hast open'd, to my sight ;
 The gems displaying there enshrin'd in light.

6.

Blest Science ! but for thee what were I now ?
 Denied the rights of man, as to employ
 Those rights incapable—mankind, if thou
 Hadst not aris'n the barrier to destroy,
 No human blessings would to me allow ;
 The sensual pleasures which the brutes enjoy
 Alone were mine, than brutes a nobler name
 Entitled only by my form to claim !

7.

Friends of misfortune's race, whose heart and hand
 Are never clos'd against affliction's prayer,
 To heathens can your charity expand !
 Will you to them the gospel tidings bear ?
 And yet neglect your own, your native land ?
 O shall the gospel be a stranger *there* ?
 Behold the Deaf and Dumb ! What heathens need
 More eloquently for your aid can plead ?

8.

Strangers to God!—And shall they still be so?

Will you not lift a hand the veil to rend—
Their intellectual eyes to heaven throw,

And lead them to a father and a friend?

Will you not snatch them from the gulfs of woe,

To which they else unrescued must descend?

O save them! save them! that the Deaf and Dumb
May bless you in this world, and in the world to
come!

9.

Spirit of philanthropy! thou hast smil'd

Where the attempt already has been made,
To cultivate the mind's deserted wild;

Though eloquence were pow'rless to persuade,
None can compare the unenlighten'd child

With those who have already known thine aid,
But in a difference so wide must feel
A deep, an irresistible appeal.

10.

None can behold how eagerly they cling

Around the new creator of their mind,

Who, the Prometheus of the anxious ring,

The hallow'd flame in learning's fane enshrin'd
Kindles within them, yet refuse to bring

Where they with these may equal blessings find,

The numbers who unaided still demand
Those blessings from a benefactor's hand.

11.

Neglect you will not suffer to efface
The work that your benevolence began ;
Nor bid them grovel still in thraldom base,
Who claim from you the faculties of man ;
You will not if you love the human race,
You will not, cannot, for no christian can,
In whom the God of christians has imprest
This truth,—*in blessing we indeed are blest !*

12.

Would that of eloquence I own'd the might,
To paint the feelings in my breast enshrin'd,
For those enwrapt in the Cimmerian night
Whose darkness had encanopied my mind,
If Science on me had not stream'd her light,
And rais'd me to a level with mankind!
When I my happier lot with their's compare,
Can I to feel or plead for them forbear ?

13.

Of life to cheer my desolated scene,
The rays of friendship beam but for a while ;
“ Like angel visits few and far between,”
Are those my dreary moments that beguile ;

And oft, alas, misfortunes intervene,
 To tear me from a friend's endearing smile ;
 But e'en in solitude the cultur'd mind
 Society within itself can find.

14.

The works of genius lying at my side,
 I claim in each an ever welcome friend,
 From whose society, whate'er betide,
 Misfortunes have no power my mind to rend ;
 On whom, when human intercourse denied,
 I may for rational dēlight depend ;
 And till these eyes are clos'd in endless night,
 I cannot be bereft of that delight,

15.

Shall I of utter loneliness repine,
 While I with a delighted eye can see
 The spirit of genius, breathing in the line
 That kindles with its wild sublimity,
 While beauty dazzles in the lay divine,
 And pathos melts the soul to sympathy,
 And fancy wafts my thoughts upon her pinions,
 Roving the fairy land of her dominions ?

16.

To me, when beauty's fingers lightly tread
 The quiv'ring strings, no rapture they impart ;

Yet, melody, though to thine accents dead,
 Whose witchery had else subdu'd my heart,
 From infancy my spirit has been led
 In blissful thraldom by thy sister art ;
 Sweet poetry ! still shall it own thy sway,
 Till on the wings of death it soars away.

17.

Ye sacred nymphs, that in Elysium steep
 The spirit form'd by nature for your sway ;
 Who when their strings your favour'd vot'ries
 sweep,
 The inspiration breathe into the lay
 That fires the dead, and bids the marble weep,
 Deign to illuminate me with a ray
 That, though it beam on a neglected lyre,
 May only with the life it cheers expire.

18.

Perhaps unhonour'd I must live and die,
 And when the Minstrel Boy is swept away,
 His harp within his grave unreck'd shall lie,
 And with his name become oblivion's prey ;—
 Well, be it so—I care not if no eye
 But *thine*, shall ever dwell upon my lay,
 Should *thine* embalm these pages with a tear
 For him, who had but thee to value here.

19.

O but for thee, the hour that I was born
 I oft had curs'd, to agony consign'd,
 When from my brow the wreath of health was torn,
 And pain a thorny coronet entwin'd ;
 When writh'd my spirit proud beneath the scorn
 Unmerited, of the ignobler mind ;
 Or when the demon Hope some bliss pourtray'd,
 In laughing mockery to see it fade.

20.

We pity but should rather envy those
 Who from the influence of Hope are screen'd,
 Who bear not added to their other woes,
 The bitter mockings of that beauteous fiend,
 My heart no more her fatal magic knows,
 But from her merciless control is wean'd ;
 It clung to Hope—it found but torment there,
 And now its friend, its idol is despair.

21.

Despair is no deceiver—ev'ry ill
 It throws before anticipation's view,
 The hour of destiny I find fulfil ;
 While all that might have blest in being true,
 Has prov'd a falsehood, and a mock'ry still ;
 Then henceforth what have I with Hope to do,

But curse each past, and fly each future spell,
That only dawns in heav'n to set in hell ?

22.

And let me then despair—despair of all
Fame, fortune, independence, might bestow,
Or from the angel smile of love might fall ;
My doom is fix'd to be a child of woe !
A doom that heaven never shall recal,
Till I am rescued from this world below ;—
And then—does Hope again deceive in this ?—
I—even I—may know a ray of bliss.

23.

Yet Hope—deluding demon as thou art,
And as I know thee,—to defy thy power
Is impotence ;—still fondly turns my heart
To thy bright image of some future hour,
When stern misfortune from me shall depart,
Nor dark obscurity around me lower,
And glory's wreath shall dance around a brow,
Encircled but with sorrow's cypress now.

24.

Not one to love of glory can be dead,
Not one but bends in worship to its blaze ;
Yet in their guilty path I would not tread
For whom, a bright memorial to raise,

The flower of nations have devoted bled ;
 No—let me share alone the bloodless praise
 By Avon's bard, and lofty Milton won,
 And Byron, of this age the late departed sun.

25.

Yet though I may not be allow'd to claim
 Of immortality with these a share ;
 Although I may not win the breath of fame
 To scatter, on the pinions of the air,
 Around the world, the splendor of my name,
 And to posterity its echoes bear,
 Her vot'ry from the muse more pleasures draws,
 Than those that rest upon a world's applause.

26.

Society in solitude to win ;
 When desolate amid a throng to stand ;
 From nothing to create a world within,
 And then, to populate the fairy land,
 To call up beings that have never been,
 Nor shall be, by imagination's wand ;—
 In these the guerdon of the bard were found,
 When far beyond the reach of glory's sound.

27.

And none are more exquisitely awake
 To nature's loveliness, than those who ~~feel~~

The inspiration of the muse ;—who take
 From her the glowing thoughts that as they
 steal
 Around the soul entranc'd, a goddess make
 Of nature, to whose shrine of beauty kneel
 The fond enthusiasts, adoring all
 Within her we may dread or lovely call.

28.

The terrible in nature is to them
 The beautiful, and they can with delight
 Behold the tempest, and its wrath contemn,
 Station'd upon some rock whose quiv'ring height
 Is by the spirit swept, whose diadem
 In burning terror wreaths the brow of night ;
 While the rude winds their cave of slumbers rend,
 And to the loud-voic'd thunders answer send.

29.

Yet Nature, not alone when stern and wild,
 Canst thou the homage of the bard awaken ;
 Still art thou worship'd by the muse's child
 When thou thy throne of terrors hast forsaken ;
 With darkness when thy brow is undefil'd,
 When scarce a leaflet of thy robe is shaken
 By zephyrs, that soft music murmuring,
 Around thee wave their aromatic wing.

30.

When first the queen of night in beauty rides
 That with the glory of Apollo vies,
 One star alone through heaven's azure glides,
 That when ten thousand thousand robe the skies,
 Pre-eminent in beauty still presides ;
 To her the lover's and the poet's eyes
 Are ever fondly turn'd, to hail the power
 That smiles such loveliness upon the hour.

31.

How often have I watch'd the star of even,
 When eyes of heaven's own ethereal blue
 Have follow'd mine, to gaze upon the heaven
 Where they, as on a mirror's face, might view
 The bright and beautiful reflection given
 Of their own starry light and azure hue !
 But she beholding night's resplendent throne,
 Of nature's beauty thought, and not her own.

32.

I thought of both—if earth appear so fair,
 How glorious the world beyond the skies !
 And if the forms that heav'n-born spirits wear,
 Their earthly shrines, so fascinate our eyes
 To kneel in worship we can scarce forbear,
 And e'en to gaze on them is paradise,
 O what are those, who free from earthly stain,
 Above yon azure realms in bloom immortal reign !

33.

Earth! thou art trac'd in beauty by the hand
 Of Him who call'd thee from the deep profound
 Of Chaos, while angelic pinions fan'd
 The new creation, hovering around
 The wondrous work of Him, whose high command,
 Where slumber'd apathy and darkness frown'd,
 Stream'd light and life, and all the charms that
 grace
 With heaven's imagery creation's face.

34.

Earth! thou art lovely—loveliest in this—
 By woman—angel woman! thou art trod ;—
 Woman, the centre of our ev'ry bliss ;
 To man the dearest boon receiv'd from God ;
 Whom, if creation were condemn'd to miss,
 Chaos again his desolating rod
 O'er the dominion he has lost, would sway,
 And earth, with all her charms, become his prey.

35.

Earth! thou art fair and glorious, but all
 Thy beauty and thy glory are a shade,
 That low beneath the hand of time must fall :—
 And Woman! must thou too in dust be laid ?
 Ah no! the beauteous fetters that enthrall
 Thy spirit, only are decreed to fade ;

That spirit, on a seraph's glowing wing,
From earth shall to its native heaven spring.

36.

Thine earthly shrine is but thy prison—still
Such loveliness is flung around thee here,
That as it beams before mine eyes, they fill
At times, unbidden, with the tremulous tear,
And through my bosom shoots a painful thrill
To think that aught so beautiful—so dear—
Should to the hand of death resign its bloom,
A trophy to enwreath around the tomb!

37.

Must all then know corruption ?—even *thou*,
My angel girl—my dear—my blue-ey'd maid!
Shall those bright eyes that smile upon me now,
Resign the beams that oft have on me play'd
So tenderly ? Shall reptiles kiss thy brow,
Enwreath'd among the tresses, that to shade
Thy beauteous lineaments around them dance,
Veiling the loveliness which they enhance!

38.

O blinded Infidel! whoe'er thou art—
If thou canst be an Infidel *indeed*,
Love's flame must be extinguish'd from thy heart,
Or love itself would turn thee from thy creed—

To thy belov'd would eloquence impart
 Against a fate so horrible to plead
 As thou wouldest pass on them, and all mankind—
 Annihilation in the grave to find!

39.

The soft confession trembling on the tongue
 Of beauty, when replying to thy flame—
 The cherub infant, that around thee clung,
 With innocent fondness, lisps a father's name—
 The friend whose heart in unison is strung
 With thine, resigning to affection's claim
 Each secret of his bosom—are they thine?—
 The joys that are not—never shall be mine!

40.

What rapture in my heart is ever glowing,
 When one I meet who to that heart is dear,
 A smile of tenderness upon me throwing,
 Although his voice shall never reach mine ear!
 But *thou*—the music of affection, flowing
 From lips belov'd, who art allow'd to hear,
 Since more than me affection thee doth bless,
 Shall thy devotion to her sway be less?

41.

Around me when those darling children cling,
 Belov'd as they were mine—when on my knee

They prattle, and my heart unconscious wring

With the fond accents, that if heard by me,

As they believe!—My tears restless spring

To think how blest I were, if that might be

Which never shall be!—While by them carest

With all a father's love they animate my breast.

42.

And sure no father with an infant pair

So lovely—so belov'd—could cast his eye

Upon th' angelic beauty which they wear,

Yet say that they were born alone to die—

O no! around them there is thrown an air

Breathing of heav'n and immortality,

In accents, that to marble hearts appealing,

Would melt them with the eloquence of feeling.

43.

It were a deed of mercy in the sire

His babe to strangle, when it first appears

In being, to preserve it from the ire

Of stern misfortune, through this vale of tears

Who follows all, if in the grave expire

The spirit's consciousness—for nothing cheers

The darkness of our lot, when Hope denies

Her radiant star—the beacon of the skies!

44.

To live is to be wretched—and to die
 To part with all we love—and O! forever!
 Our only hope our dust may mingling lie
 Where death itself shall want the power to
 sever;
 But shall their smiles again address our eye,
 To kindle rapture there ? O! never, never!
 Is *this* thy faith ? Art thou so blest in *this*,
 That thou canst mock the Christian's dream of
 bliss ?

45.

Were it indeed a dream, that dream possesses
 What all beside were pow'rless to bestow,
 For with the voice of heav'n-born hope it blesses,
 When we are torn from all we love below—
 The wife—the child—the friend—whose dear
 caresses
 We never in this world again shall know—
 Nor in *another*—if from truth proceed
 The Atheist's, and not the Christian's creed.

46.

Say, Atheist, hast thou ever gaz'd upon
 The loveliness of death, when on the bier
 Reclin'd th' inanimate pale form of one
 Who living lov'd thee, and to thee was dear

O! sure while such a scene beholding, none
 Could say, " All that remains of thee is here;
 And all that to thy form its value gave,
 Must with it be extinguish'd in the grave!"

47.

O! if thy faith were mine, and if the doom
 Were past upon me—(Never may it be!)--
 The lovely—the angelic girl, to whom
 This heart is giv'n, bereft of life to see,
 What should forbid me then upon her tomb
 To end my being and my misery ?
 The deed Religion's voice forbids alone,—
 By those unreck'd who dare her truth disown.

48.

Thy voice, Religion ! thine alone,—controls
 The frantic rage of anguish, when the car
 Of death o'er bleeding hearts triumphant rolls ;
 Our eyes by thee directed, on the star
 Of Hope are fix'd,—whose influence consoles
 The mourner, with a glimpse of worlds afar,
 Where he with all he loves shall be united
 In bliss that cannot be alloy'd or blighted.

49.

My blue-ey'd maid ! when bending at the shrine
 Of heav'n, thy name is wasted in my prayer;

The dearest hope avow'd to heav'n is thine,
 That we may meet with one another there ;
 And if on earth to ever call thee mine
 Be rapture that to know I must despair,
 I in the blissful hope can be resign'd
 That we shall in eternity be join'd.

50.

My blue-ey'd maid ! when bends thy pious knee
 Wilt thou not think of him, whose prayers arise
 That heaven's blessings may be shower'd on thee,
 To make thine earthly home a paradise,
 Till death shall come, from earth to set thee free,
 And open throw the portals of the skies ?
 Wilt thou return my prayers, and on my head
 Invoke the blessings I on thine would shed ?

51.

The loveliness of earth we most adore
 Something of heav'n when there is in it shown ;
 And beauty never claims our homage more
 Than when to heav'n she offers up her own ;
 For then she seems to want but wings to soar
 With the angelic choir around the throne
 Of God, to whom their homage is addrest,
 As hers on earth, amid their mansions blest.

52.

Thy voice angelical with mine to blend,
 In unison adoring heaven's King ;
 Together at the throne of God to bend,
 While angels are around us hovering,
 The fervent prayers that from our hearts ascend
 To waft above the sky upon their wing,—
 If aught might be in terrestrial bliss,
 To be compar'd with heav'nly, it were this.

53.

And Hope would say it shall not be denied
 To me ;—that thou shalt own a kindred flame ;—
 That in my blue-ey'd maid an angel bride
 The time may come at last for me to claim ;—
 That we shall kneel at one another's side,
 Our words unutter'd, but our thoughts the same,
 Ascending on each other's head to call
 'The choicest blessings that from heav'n can fall.

54.

O ! dream of bliss ! like every other dream
 Of bliss that I have cherish'd, if it fade ;
 Should fortune never throw so bright a beam
 Upon a lot so long enwrapt in shade ;
 If thou canst but return me thine esteem
 For all my love to thee, my blue-ey'd maid !

If one prefer'd above me shall command
What I may seek in vain—thy heart and hand:

55.

Whoever he may be who thus shall blight
The dearest hopes that can inspire my breast,
On him nor thee may aught of evil light,
But may you be in one another blest
As I would have been with thee, if I might
Have won the angel bride by him possest,
And heard from thy dear lips the music breathe
Of love, entwining there his blissful wreath.

56.

“I love thee!”—All the charms of music blend
In those endearing words, when from the tongue
Of blushing beauty, gently they descend
To raise the lover, who before her flung
Avows his flame, while trembling to offend,
Till by those words assur'd he had not clung
To hope in vain ;—who but, if he had power,
Would to eternity prolong that hour ?

57.

“I love thee!”—Worlds on worlds if they were
mine,
To buy those accents should away be thrown ;
All other melody I could resign,
Might I but hear those tender words alone

Warbling upon those rosy lips of thine,
 My blue-ey'd maid, where music might enthron'e
 Her sweetest magic—oft repinings rise
 To think that even this my lot denies.

58.

Yet why repine against the will of heaven,
 By erring man so little understood ?
 Misfortunes may be found in mercy given
 To work together for our final good ;
 And all the blessings that from me are riven
 Evils might have aecompanied, that would
 Upon my lot far heavier have weigh'd
 Than those upon me that shall now be laid.

59.

Thy will, my God ! Thy will be done, not mine,
 For all by Thee is order'd for the best ;
 Myself, mine all, I to Thy hands resign ;
 I ask but that my lov'd ones may be blest
 Here and hereafter, and with me may join
 In an eternity of joy and rest,
 With cherubim and seraphim to bend
 Before our God—our Father—and our Friend.

60.

The fetters of the ear shall be unbound,
 And silence shall no more the lips enthral,

When the Archangel's awful trump shall sound,
 Death from its sleep awakening—when all
 Shall at its summons burst the trembling ground,
 With myriad voice replying to his call,
 In shouts of ecstasy, or shrieks of fear,
 Before the bar of heaven to appear.

61.

And then, my blue-ey'd maid, may we unite
 With all we love below, to hymn the praise
 Of our Redeemer—O with what delight
 Shall I inhale the music of thy lays,
 Warbling with those of cherubim, while bright
 Eternal glories clothe us in the blaze
 That emanates from Mercy's smiling eye,
 Hov'ring the throne of the Almighty nigh!

62.

If this may be—although we now were torn
 Asunder, never more on earth to meet—
 Or if on earth thy pity, or thy scorn,
 Alone in recompense my love shall greet,
 Ev'n this may in the blissful hope be borne—
 (O! be it not as false as it is sweet !)
 That we shall meet in worlds where none again
 Shall part, where all shall love, and none shall
 love in vain.

63.

Thus far the lay, that once her dear blue eyes
I fondly thought would dwell upon;—but *now*
Their beauteous light on earth to idolize
Again, my destiny will not allow:
Their smiles perhaps shall greet me in the skies,—
Till then in silence let my feelings bow:
The thoughts that now are mine, thou canst not
tell,
My Harp! then breathe no more, but bid her name
farewell!

THE

GALLANT HIGHLAND ROVER.

RECITATIVE.

A CLOUDY veil the orb conceals
 Above invisible that steals,
 While here and there some dim-ey'd star
 Twinkles amid its darken'd car :
 From yonder balcony on high
 An anxious maid, her eager eye
 Amid the gloom surrounding throws,
 For him on whom her hopes repose,
 While thus to her belov'd she flings,
 Her summons, on the breeze's wings.

AIR.

Shall beauty weep, and valour sleep,
 Nor to defend arise ?
 Who would not fly to do or die,
 If beauty were the prize ?
 O! come, my love! O! come, my love!
 Or ev'ry hope is over,
 And I shall be no bride for thee,
 My Gallant Highland Rover !

RECITATIVE.

A father's voice the stern command
 Without her heart to yield her hand,
 Upon his wretched child had past ;—
 To-morrow——and the die is cast!
 But no—she trusts another hour
 Shall free her from oppression's power ;
 Nor vain her hope,—for to her lay,
 Ere its last echo died away,
 Below, the balcony beside,
 The voice of her belov'd replied,—

AIR.

I come, my love! I come, my love!
 Let ev'ry fear be over ;
 For thou shall be a bride for me,
 Thy Gallant Highland Rover.

RECITATIVE.

But hark! a sudden shout alarms!
 “ Revenge! Revenge! to arms! to arms!”
 The castle gates were open flung,
 And forth a band of warriors sprung,
 And quiver'd many a torch's light
 On many a naked weapon bright.
 While frantic shouts of fury rise
 The Rover fronts his rival's eyes,
 Who foremost springs, and at his side
 The father of the destin'd bride.

At once the Rover's bugle sound
A thousand echoes wakes around ;
A moment more, and sword in hand
Appear his Gallant Rover band,
While steals upon their chieftain's ear,
The voice that best he loves to hear—

AIR.

The foe shall cower beneath the power
Confest our bosom's lord ;
For from thy heart it shall impart
Its lightnings to thy sword ;
And far and wide, though havoc ride
Around thee love shall hover,
To shield from harm of hostile arm,
My Gallant Highland Rover.

RECITATIVE.

Fearful and doubtful prov'd the strife
To guard—to crush, the Rover's life ;
The torches scatter'd on the ground
Gleam'd faintly on the scene around,
But each who mingled in the fight
Around him threw terrific light,
That in the eye of fury play'd,
And flash'd from each contending blade.
Where'er the Rover's weapon gleam'd
Of hostile blood a torrent stream'd ;

But could he act a craven's part
 While she, the lady of his heart,
 Thus from her balcony address
 The ruling passions of his breast—

AIR.

Now let the foe the ardour know
 The eye of beauty fires;
 And may its rage, more terrors wage
 Than fell revenge inspires:
 If thou canst love, thine arm will prove
 Thou art indeed a lover,
 For beauty's glance is on thy lance,
 My Gallant Highland Rover.

RECITATIVE.

Oft as the rivals met and clos'd
 As oft their followers interpos'd,
 Till from the rest they turn'd aside
 Where none the combat might divide;
 Not long their strife—the Rover's blade
 In dust his rival grov'ling laid;
 And from his lady's lips at first
 A shout of joy and triumph burst—
 But foes her lover thronging near
 Transform it to a shriek of fear:—
 Before his band to aid him rushes
 His blood on many a weapon blushes,—

**He falls before his lady's eyes,
Faulters her name belov'd—and dies.**

AIR.

**I come, my love! I come, my love!
I come with thee to share
A bridal bed among the dead,
For none shall part us there!
I come, my love! I come, my love!
Where fate's control is over,
A bride to be, for death and thee,
My Gallant Highland Rover.**

RECITATIVE.

**Quiver'd each lip with horror's cry,
And turn'd away each shudd'ring eye.
As died the accents on her tongue
And from the balcony she sprung;
One groan is heard, and all is over,—
She lies beside her Highland Rover.**

THE GRAVE OF MARY.

THE flame that by disdain was check'd
 Rekindled with her dying breath ;
 The flower she wither'd by neglect
 Reviv'd bencath the hand of death :—
 But no—that flame had never died,
 Unquenchable although represt ;
 That flower, though to myself denied,
 Unseen was cherish'd in my breast.

While thus her ashes I adore,
 Not *now* her votary she spurns :
 The flame of love, represt no more
 By cold disdain, more ardent burns ;
 The flower of love shall never fade ;—
 The bleeding heart shall never vary,
 That now a sacrifice is laid
 Upon the Grave of lovely Mary.

Ere yet I bow'd at Mary's feet,
 And dar'd the words of passion breathe,
 Indulging hope's delusion sweet,
 I twin'd a visionary wreath ;
 But when my passion was exprest,
 And no return but scorn could find,

Though hope was banish'd from my breast,
Love lingering remain'd behind.

And art thou hurl'd from beauty's throne
Where thou couldst ev'ry heart enslave ?
That seat was worthy thee alone,
And *now* thy shrine is in the Grave !
This heart, devoted to the dead,
The fairest shall not tempt to vary,
For brighter charms than their's have fled,
To wither in the Grave of Mary.

Beneath the tyranny of woe,
My lot is darkly overcast ;
In all my wanderings below
Through pain and peril I have past ;
But every ill I could have borne
By destiny upon me laid,
If *thou* hadst not away been torn,
In dark corruption's arms to fade !

All else I could endure—but *this!*—
O! *this* is more than I can bear!—
And yet there beams a ray of bliss
Amid the darkness of despair;
Though ev'ry other hope has flown,
So blissful once—and ah! so airy!
One yet remains—and one alone—
To die upon the Grave of Mary!

WRITTEN ON SEEING

THE GRAVE OF MARY.

FAR, far from this Grave be the footstep unholy,
 Its sanctity that would presume to invade!
 By all who approach it may, worshipping lowly,
 A tribute to virtue and beauty be paid ;
 To virtue and beauty that almost had made her
 On earth, what they now have quite made her
 in heaven :
 For the seraphic charms, in this world that array'd
 her,
 To wither as soon as they bloom'd were not
 given ;—
 Ah no ! they were only transplanted again
 To bloom in the glorious world whence they
 came ;
 Where nothing of earth or corruption shall stain
 Their splendors on high that eternally flame.

My Mary ! my love ! art thou hovering near
 To look upon him o'er thy dust who is kneeling,
 While wrung from my bosom, full many a tear
 To water the Grave of my Mary is stealing ?

While o'er thee in passionate agony bending,
 I fondly would think, from the regions above;
 Thy spirit I see in its beauty descending,
 To calm my wild anguish for Mary my love ;
 To turn to yon heaven the eyes that are steeping,
 Those relics of thee upon earth that remain,—
 To yonder fair heaven, where parting nor weeping
 Shall ever be known to the lover again.



THE BLUE-EY'D MAID :

TO MARY.



FORGET me not, my blue-ey'd maid,
 When fate our parting shall decree :
 My love can never be repaid,
 But still—O still, remember me !
 Though when I to thy mind appear,
 Thou wilt not in me view pourtray'd
 The image to thy bosom dear,
 Forget me not, my blue-ey'd maid !

If on the monumental stone
 The name of one thou chance to see

Whose heart was thine—and thine alone—
 O! then, my love, remember me!
 Thine image, in my heart enshrin'd,
 In death's embrace alone shall fade :
 When I am in his arms reclin'd
 Forget me not, my blue-ey'd maid!

When I have met the fate, to brave
 Which now I would not shrink for thee,
 If thou shalt tread upon my grave,
 My darling girl! remember me
 As one that were supremely blest
 His life before thee to have laid,
 Could that have won his last request,
 Forget me not, my blue ey'd maid!



MONODY ON

EXPERIENCE F. NACK,

OBIT. MARCH 16TH, 1826.



SWEET sufferer! art thou not now
 Enthron'd among the cherubim,
 Where beams on thine angelic brow
 The saint's triumphant diadem ?

Then why—O! why should we bewail
 That thou art blest, and blest forever ;
 That rude misfortune's stormy gale
 Again shall blow upon thee never ?

If tears could call thee back again
 To life and misery, not one
 Bereav'd affection bids us rain,
 Should fall from me thy bier upon ;
 For oft, as I beheld thee languish,
 I scarce refrain'd to God to bend,
 That He thy being, and thine anguish,
 In mercy would that moment end.

Can we her lot on earth compare
 With her eternal bliss on high,
 And yet,—repining ingrates!—dare
 Indulge one murmur'ring tear or sigh ?
 Say, should we not far rather bend
 To Him to whom she has ascended,
 And thank her kind—her heav'nly friend,
 That He her misery has ended ?

I saw her not—and heav'n was kind
 That it denied me to be near,—
 When she her dying breath resign'd,—
 For O! to witness one so dear
 In death's last agonies depart,
 Forever from me to be riven,—

Had been a scene to break the heart,—
 The brain to madness to have driven!

Remember thee!—O! that we will!
 Thy dear remembrance shall not fade ;
 We never can forget thee, till
 We lie as low as thou art laid :
 The hour we never can forget,
 That last those dear, dear arms carest us,
 That last our lips so fondly met,
 As with her dying breath she blest us.

O! may we not her charge forget
 To seek her in a world of bliss,
 There to ensure a home, while yet
 Our habitation is in this :
 That when the hour of death is nigh,
 The hope ecstatic we may cherish
 That we shall meet with her on high,
 In raptures that can never perish.

THE FAIR MANIAC.

GAZING upon the silent flow
 Of the waters, that calmly smile below,
 A lonely one stands upon yonder rock
 That often hath borne the billows' shock,
 When their snowy crests have many a time
 Appear'd as they to heaven would climb ;
 But now how placidly they spread !

While the moon-beams, sporting fitfully,
 Upon their azure bosom are shed

In splendor creating an imagery
 Of the deep silver'd blue on high ;
 Then in the clouds they shun the eye,
 And darkness flings around the night
 Her mantle, till again their light

Trembling descends upon the blue water,
 Reposing now in slumber sweet ;
 As smiles the aspect of deceit

While pants the heart for slaughter,
 Thus oft hath smil'd the ocean's face
 A welcome to the bark's embrace,
 Till yawn'd the horrors of the deep,
 To bury in eternal sleep

The victims of its smile !

But do they there forever rest ?
 Can they not leave their dwellings there,
 To tread the fields of earth or air ?
 Such thoughts were in that stranger's breast,
 For there are times, awhile
 To Superstition's sway inclin'd
 Will prove the firmest, manliest mind.

So silent all the scene around,
 That if a breeze had whisper'd near
 Its accents must have caught the ear,—
 When hark ! a sweet unearthly sound !

Is it a spirit that meets his sight
 Upon the brink of the perilous height ?
 For who of human-kind would dare
 To hover so near destruction there ?
 One farther step toward the brink,
 And in the billows it will sink,
 Unless it be a thing of air !

Oh ! never sure from an earthly tongue
 Such heavenly melody could flow !
 He might have thought that an angel sung,
 But for the mingling strains of woe,
 That told the warbler's heart was wrung
 With pangs that seraphs cannot know.

AIR.

The silver moon-beams now are streaming
 Upon the bosom of the sea;
 But Love, a star within me beaming,
 Through darkness would have led to thee.

Within the arms of Ocean lying,
 With my belov'd I soon shall be;
 And oh! what ecstasy in dying
 When death will lead to heav'n—to thee !

Ethellin rush'd in time to save
 The stranger from a watery grave;
 Upon her hand his hand he laid,
 But shuddering relax'd his hold ;
 He found that hand so icy cold,
 He scarcely could deem her an earthly maid,
 But a being of more ethereal mould.

A snowy veil around her flung
 About her features loosely hung,
 But from its bondage here and there.
 Escap'd a tress of raven hair,
 And flash'd beneath that veil a light
 That rival'd with the gems of night,

“ Stranger,” she said, “ Wilt thou deny
 The only boon I ask—to die!
 If thou wilt not reject my prayer,
 Nor doom me longer life to bear,
 To thee be all the blessings given
 That from me are forever riven!

Nay speak not,—for it were in vain ;—
 Forbid me not to rend the chain
 That fetters me to earth from heaven!
 Behold those waves,—beneath them lies
 Mine all,—my love,—my paradise!

And dost thou pity me ? that tear
 Compels me yet awhile to stay,
 That I to my belov'd may say
 That one at least could pity me.
 If any to thy heart are dear,
 May they be never torn from thee,
 Since thou canst for another mourn,
 From whom her best belov'd is torn !”

Ethellin starts as she flings aside
 The veil that conceal'd her face;
 Oh what can from the lover hide
 His lov'd one ? Even the disguise
 Of suffering cannot deceive the eyes
 That in her pallid features trace

The maiden, who in former days
 Was hail'd the fairest of the fair,
 When pride and grandeur throng'd to gaze
 Upon the low-born Wilfred's heir.

The humblest of the humble crowd
 That worship'd her, Ethellin bow'd ;
 Among her votaries as yet
 Amanda's eye he never met ;
 He shun'd that eye, lest it should read
 In the flash of his own how well he lov'd
 Nor even with a glance would he plead
 A flame that might not be approv'd.

How could he hope the smiles to gain
 That she denied to all the rest ?
 If he his daring love exprest
 What could he hope except disdain
 To gaze at distance and adore,
 In this alone supremely blest,
 He durst not ask nor seek for more.
 But even this was soon denied,
 For Edwy claim'd her as his bride ;
 And such a claim none could expect
 The proudest beauty might reject.
 Of noble lineage he came
 And well approv'd his father's name.

For often on the field of war
 His weapon, to the hilt in gore,
 Inscrib'd it on the roll of Fame.

In him was every charm combin'd
 That best enchant's a maiden's mind,—
 His high descent,—his valiant arm,—
 His form, which elegance and grace
 Array'd ;—the tongue whose honied charm
 Would clothe in light an Ethiop face ;—
 But his a face where loveliness
 Her manliest features would express.

She own'd his merits, and admir'd,
 And lov'd, or thought she lov'd ;
 While he with ecstasy was fir'd
 To find his flame approv'd.
 Approaches now the bridal day,
 While Edwy chides its slow delay,
 Ethellin's tears no less deplore,
 The rapid flight of every hour,
 That leads her to the bridal bower ;
 And bids him love no more.

“ Yes, I will fly, but first before her
 For pardon bending low,
 Will I confess I dar'd adore her ;
 Yet should she deign to throw

Compassion's glance, how could I fly!
 But say can pity beam in her eye
 For one like me ? Ah no ! Ah no !"

He turns,—his brother beside him stands,
 And places a packet in his hands,
 While the cloud on his brow, and the tear on
 his cheek,
 A tale of sorrow appear to speak.

" And has misfortune then the power
 More sorrows on my head to shower ?
 Whatever be thy cause of grief,
 Seek not Ethellin for relief;
 His woes are all in this united,
 That Hope, the Flower of Love, is blighted,
 That he must be condemn'd to sever,
 From his belov'd, and oh ! forever !"

" Our sister!"—

“ Heavens ! What dost thou say ?
 Has that bright angel fled away,
 And sunk in death's embrace to rest ?
 Nay, weep not, brother, she is blest !
 They rather claim compassion's tear
 Whom she has left to suffer here ;
 Yet while I bid thee not to mourn
 My sorrow triumphs, as in scorn,

And tears will rush into mine eyes
To mock my fortitude's disguise."

" Speak not of her!" His brother cried,
" It had been better had she died."

" Oh! tell me that the dread is vain
That thrills with horror through my brain!"
" My lips could never tell the tale,
But what they to repeat would fail
That packet will explain."

Ethellin reads the fatal scroll,
And fury kindles in the soul
Late sway'd by love and gentleness ;
Lightnings flash terribly from his eyes,
As with impassion'd voice he cries,
" Perdition on her! but she dies!
'Tis virtue to be merciless!"

" And yet she may,—yes, it must be!
I wrong'd her angel purity.
Come let us seek the world around;
By heaven she shall again be found
As holy as when I saw her last,
For none such purity could blast.
If while around her hallow'd head
Of virtue beams the diadem,

The evil spirit, struck with dread
 That what his wretched slaves contemn,
 From her would such resplendence shed
 It even would be sought by them,
 Should send a fiend to snatch her crown,
 And hurl the throne of virtue down,
 Angels would rush, on wings of flame,
 To guard their sister angel's name."

Hurriedly they turn away,
 Love itself cannot delay ;
 And scarce, for his sister, Ethellin's mind
 Has one thought for her he has left behind.

The shades of even began to descend
 As the rider of tempests, whose terrors were
 nigh,
 With banners of flame had encircled the sky ;
 And now for a shelter the wanderers bend,
 As his gonfalon bright they see unfurl'd,
 In sign of the war he threats to the world.

As they are approaching a cottage near
 A plaintive melody floats to their ear.

AIR.

'Would I had seen thee and lov'd thee never !
 To love thee once was to love thee ever ;

And though thy heart is betray'd to view
I cannot abhor its guilty hue.

To perdition I had not been driven
Had it not worn the image of heaven,
But who could look on a form so fair,
And think that evil might harbour there ?



The warbler ceas'd as she heard their tread,
And welcoming the sound,
“ And art thou come at last ? ” She said ;
But when she turns around
Where petrified Ethellin stands,
With a fearful shriek she clasps her hands,
And sinks upon the ground ;

“ By all our love to one another
Forgive me—oh ! forgive me, brother ! ”

“ Lost ! lost forever ! Is it so ?
Will none in pity answer no ?
Recal thy words,—thy crime deny,
And I will bless thee for the lie,
Believing still thy purity
Unblemish'd as it ought to be.”

She starts—she springs upon her feet,
 And pride and indignation meet
 In the keen flashes of her eyes,
 As to Ethellin she replies ;

“ Hast thou forgot that I inherit
 Much as his blood my father’s spirit ?
 Were I unworthy thine embrace,—
 If I had on thee thrown disgrace
 In the pollution of my name,
 Say, could my life survive my fame ?
 My honour lives, for see, I live !
 Yet I would ask thee to forgive
 That I without my sire’s consent
 Was wedded, as I well repent.
 Our rites were secret, and when past,
 I with my husband fled : at last
 One night, he bade me wait him here,
 And went, to come no more, I fear ;
 For while I sorrow day by day,
 Lord Edwy lingers still away.”

“ Lord Edwy !” shuddering, he cried,
 “ And shall Amanda be his bride ?
 She welcomes even now the fate
 That he has bid on thee await !
 For thy protection stays my brother,
 But I must fly to save another.”

But as he turn'd away, she fell
 Before his feet, insensible ;
 He stop'd,—his sister gently rais'd,
 And tenderly upon her gaz'd,
 But no reply her dim'd eyes lent ;

Her heart had broken at the sound
 Of Edwy's guilt, and through the rent
 Her spirit its departure found.

The priest is by the altar side,
 Where Edwy stands to claim his bride ;
 “ As thus I join you hand in hand,
 Be join'd in wedlock's holy band.”—
 A voice of thunder answers, “ Never!
 Those hands eternally I sever!
 The bridal ends at my command!”
 A sword gleam'd in Ethellin's hand,
 Which menacing he wav'd on high ;
 And those might deem, who met his eye,
 They saw Revenge embodied stand,
 For in that eye the lightnings shone
 That blaze around a Fury's throne.

“ Hold, madman! calm thy rage awhile,
 Nor heaven's shrine with blood defile ;
 A fitter place, and fitter time,
 Shall prove my arm can cope with thine.”

“ This is no more a hallow’d shrine ;
 Wert thou in heav’n, thou child of crime,
 Not heav’n itself were then divine !
 But time nor place does vengeance heed,
 Die, villain ! Laura bids thee bleed ! ”

An eager throng to part them rush’d,
 But interfer’d in vain ;
 Ethellin’s sword with crimson blush’d
 That from the side of Edwy gush’d ;
 “ Laura ! I have aveng’d thy wrong !
 Thy murderer is slain ! ”
 He shouted, while the parting throng,
 Receded as he rush’d along,
 Not daring him detain.



Upon the walls, in blackness hung,
 A shaded light the tapers flung,
 That added to the gloom ;
 And there, in funeral garb array’d,
 Amanda weeps, the widow’d maid,
 She weeps, but weeps for whom ?
 Her tears on Edwy’s bier are shed
 For him by whom that Edwy bled,
 For him whom the avenging foes
 To danger and to death expose.

She heeded not when Edwy fell,
 Here thoughts were on the stranger cast,
 So lovely, though so terrible!
 Her eye pursu'd him as he past
 Amid the throng ; and when at last
 They rais'd the fearful yell
 Of vengeance, terror seiz'd her soul,
 Now first enthral'd in love's control,
 And thoughts she dar'd not tell.

And now she weeps the impending danger
 That threatens the interesting stranger,
 When to her terror and surprise
 That stranger stands before her eyes.

.. Didst thou adore a demon then ?
 And didst thou love that worst of men ?
 Yet would I not recal the deed,
 For love and vengeance bade him bleed ;
 The wretch through whom my sister died
 But ill in thee deserv'd a bride.
 Thank heaven that thy tears are vain,
 They cannot call him back again ;
 And if they could, again should he
 Receive what late my vengeance gave him,
 E'en if thyself, on bending knee,
 Shouldst plead in agony to save him.
 He well deserv'd the fate he met ;
 E'en as he is, I hate him yet,

Though he is dead my fury lives,
And scarce thy sympathy forgives.

“ I love thee!—love me not again!—
Be thou a stranger to the pain
Of love like mine!—I go alone
To brave a destiny unknown ;
The church, by sacrilege alarm’d,
Against me has its fury arm’d ;
And Edwy’s friends and kindred rise
My life for his to sacrifice ;—
Belov’d by none,—by all abhor’d,—
By such a wretch thou art ador’d!

“ Farewell, my darling girl! farewell
To thee, and hopes I may not cherish ;
Again must I repeat the knell
Of joys that only dawn’d to perish!
A friend belov’d I never yet
Have found, but we were doom’d to sever,
And *thou*, the dearest ever met!
We only meet to part forever!”

He rush’d away, but left behind
His image in Amanda’s mind ;
And oft her heart, for his return,
In hope’s delirium would burn ;
And by that hope delusive led
She oft the rocky height would tread,

And would gaze for hours upon the sea,
Where she thought his bark returning might be.

The brow of heaven darkly lowers,
The blazing lightnings gild the sky
Which shakes with heaven's artillery;
The earth is bath'd by rapid showers;
The winds unfetter'd, toss the ocean,
Foaming at their rude commotion:
Unable now to guide the way,
The pilot yields the storm the sway,
Which drives the bark toward the shore
Ethellin thought to tread no more.

.. I know my doom is fix'd by heaven,
Since I toward this shore am driven;
Alike upon the sea and land
I view impending dangers stand;
But death is welcome;—life denies
All that could bid me life to prize."

" The ship is lost! the waves she drinks!
Fly to the boats! she sinks! she sinks!"
Amid the crew the clamour rung,
As to the boats dismay'd they sprung.

Ere yet the storm its wrath betray'd,
Upon the rocks had stood a maid

Gazing upon the distant bark ;
 The tempest scarce would she remark
 When it arose ; to the effect

Her thoughts were so intently given,
 The cause itself claim'd but neglect ;

She saw the gallant vessel riven,—
 She saw when to the boats they sprung,
 And knew her lov'd one them among.

“ ‘Tis he !” she cried, and with delight
 And eagerness, rush'd from the height.
 Upon the shore had gather'd a throng

To watch the fate of the distrest ;

There Wilfred stood among the rest,
 And as Amanda rush'd along,
 (The winds among her tresses raving,
 Adown her neck dishevel'd waving,)
 Her looks and gestures were so wild
 The father could not know his child.

She watch'd, with mingled hope and fear,
 The bark that bore Ethellin near ;
 A wave that seem'd to kiss the skies
 A moment hid him from her eyes ;
 They sunk,—Ethellin rose again,
 Alone he struggled, and in vain ;—
 Again he sunk,—she saw no more,—
 Her lifeless form away they bore.

Life is restor'd,—but reason has fled,
 Yet love exists in madness still,
 And love exist forever will
 Till she herself shall be with the dead.
 But him, her tears as dead deplore,
 A wave had cast upon the shore;
 Some peasants found him senseless there,
 And life return'd beneath their care.

They knew he was condemn'd to die ;
 None would betray him ; but his flight
 They urg'd ; a bark that very night
 To bear him thence was heaving nigh ;
 And he was watching for it, when
 The lovely maniac met his eyes ;
 All else was quite forgotten then
 In pity,—horror,—and surprise.

“ Amanda !” mournfully he cried,
 “ I come ! he calls me !” she replied,
 “ The mermaids have woven thy shroud, my
 love,
 The billows thy sepulchre be ;
 Thy dirge is the thunder, so loud, my love,
 And the roar of the winds and the sea !
 Thy spirit is thron'd on a wave, my love,
 I see it ;—it beckons to me !
 I come to lie down in thy grave, my love,
 And sleep in the ocean with thee !”

She would have sprung into the wave,
 But his grasp was ready again to save ;
 That instant the bark he watch'd for appear'd,
 He led her there, and it bounded away ;
 There came to her mind a becalming ray,
 As she fell asleep on his bosom endear'd ;
 And when she awoke, oh ! who can say
 How glad was the change ! for, her reason
 restor'd,
 She knew him, Ethellin, her lov'd, her ador'd !

As soon as they came to another land
 At the altar she pledg'd him her heart and her
 hand ;
 And their life from that time was a life of bliss,
 As pure as may be in a world like this.

THE DREAM OF BLISS.

THE dream of bliss—how soon it vanish'd!
 How soon its charms by truth were banish'd!
 The dream of bliss—though fled forever,
 That dream can be forgotten never.

Methought the fairest under heaven
 To me a faithful heart had given ;
 Methought the lovely Mary priz'd me,—
 I woke to find that she despis'd me.

My prospects by misfortune blighted,—
 My passion unreturn'd and slighted,—
 Contemn'd,—unpitied, I must languish,
 Nor even hope beguiles mine anguish.

But still undying burns the fire
 Of Love, while all the hopes expire
 This bosom never more may cherish,
 For love but with my life can perish.

SCORN REQUITED.

I could not tremble at thy frown,
 I could not kneel thy smile to gain,
 But I had laid existence down
 To save thee from a moment's pain ;
 Oh ! think not that I lov'd the less
 That words could ill my love express !

Before thy heart a pang should know
 Mine own a sacrifice should bleed ;
 But one, more skill'd in words to show
 The love I could but prove in deed,
 Has rob'd thy heart, and left me all
 The scorn that on himself should fall.

Since lips profan'd by nectar'd lies
 Could make thy heart my rival's prey,
 I cannot but that heart despise,
 And let affection die away,
 And thy contempt, unjustly borne,
 Repay thee with a juster scorn.

This heart shall never love again
 If all thy sex resemble thee,

For none were worthy to obtain
 Such love as *once* was known to me,
 Who like thyself can love despise
 That wears not flattery's disguise.



MARY, DEAREST.



Go not yet, my Mary dear!
 We too soon must sever,
Thou perhaps without a tear,
 Though we part forever
 When we part!—Oh love! that hour
 Still delay when nearest;
 Let my prayer with thee have power,
 Go not, Mary, dearest!

Go not yet, my Mary dear!
 Love I urg'd unheeded,
 But wilt thou refuse to hear
 When for pity pleaded?
 Soon I from my native shore
 Fly to exile drearest;
 But till I may stay no more,
 Go not, Mary, dearest!

Go not yet, my Mary dear!
 Ours no future meeting!
 Bid not moments, I shall ne'er
 Know again, be fleeting.
 If too much by more delay
 Me to bless thou fearest,
 Go!—if not, in pity stay!—
 Go not, Mary, dearest!



THE BILLET-DOUX.



I SAT mine own belov'd one nigh,
 Who blushing, with averted eye,
 With bashful hesitation plac'd
 Into my hand the billet trac'd
 By hers;—the lines were simple,—few,—
 And might be to the jealous view
 Of one of such a fiery mould
 As mine, dispassionate and cold.

It nothing breath'd of passion's flame,
 Or even friendship's colder claim:
 The lines were such as might be pen'd
 By one in scarcely name a friend;

And yet my burning heart forgave her ;—
 Cold as it was, it was a favour
 I had not look'd for ;—she had been
 So hard thus far alone to win.

I thought it worth a sacred care,
 For her dear name was written there,—
 And written by the only hand
 I thought it heaven to command ;
 I prest that name with passion's kiss,
 Nor deem'd what then the gush of bliss
 Commanded, soon should tears employ
 As tributes to departed joy.

But every day I found the same
 Her coldness, till upon my flame
 At last was thrown a kindred chill,
 And I renounc'd her then ;—but still
 Oft as this billet meets my sight
 I sigh, regretting the delight
 That, when I read it first, I felt
 Inspir'd by hopes her heart to melt.

By any if may be possest
 The power to warm so cold a breast,
 That one I am not ;—perish then
 Ye cold effusions of her pen !
 Cold as ye are, ye once could wake
 The hopes that now my heart forsake ;

But they have perish'd,—perish too,
Nor mind me more that them I knew.



MARTIAL ODE.



THE trumpet has sounded,
“ To battle, away!”
By thousands surrounded
In gallant array,

The warrior hastens in battle to claim
A bed of gore, or a wreath of fame.

Above the banners are proudly streaming,
Fan'd in battle's arising gale;
Terribly bright the arms are gleaming,
That soon must be dim'd in a crimson veil.

The foes have met contending;—
Fame and Conquest to decide
On the strife impending,
Above them in their car ethereal ride,
Their eye on battle bending.
Terribly flashing,
Swiftly descending,
Every sword is bloodily dyed.
Armour clashing,

Shrieks and shouts tumultuous blending
 Rise, the startled welkin rending.

See the foe receding
 From the victor's might ;—
 See the hero leading
 To pursue their flight ;—
 See the warrior bleeding,
 Struggling still to fight ;
 On the field disabled lying,
 See he grasps his weapon dying,
 Shouting, while from the battle storm
 The foes, confusedly flying,
 Trample upon his mangled form,
 Lightnings flashing from the eyes
 Clos'd in death that soon must be,
 “Victory! Victory!”
 Away he springs
 On glory's wings,
 And in her bright embraces dies.

His bed of rest, though gory,
 Is worthy of the brave ;
 The starry wreaths of glory
 Encanopy his grave ;
 And Conquest bends her laurel'd head,
 To shower her trophies on the illustrious dead.

MONODY ON

CHRISTIAN F. HARTELL.

“ **Away! Away!** from earth away
 And from the ills that there abound !
 Turn from its gloom to hail the ray
 That streams from heaven’s gate of day ;
 Haste, spirit ! with the blest be crown’d,
 O’er whom eternal glories play !
Haste, spirit ! haste ! Away ! Away !”

His spirit, at the welcome song,
 “ **Away ! Away !”** exulting cried,
 And springing to the angel throng,
 Borne on their radiant wings along,
 Arose in heaven to abide !
 Ye mourners, hark ! Does he not say
 “ Seek me in bliss ! Away ! Away !

“ And *thou*, on earth mine own by ties
 The dearest that can mortals bind,
 Heed not the form in earth which lies,
 But seek my spirit in the skies,
 Where thine shall with it be entwin’d.

O! surely thine would not delay
 When call'd by mine, away—away!

Will it not be a welcome hour
 When o'er thee shall my spirit bend,
 To call thee from corruption's power
 To bloom with me, a heav'nly flower,
 Whose incense shall to Him ascend
 Whose angels to His ransom'd say,
 " Haste, spirit! haste! Away! Away!"

Away! mine own belov'd! Away!
 In heaven be again my bride!
 Thus gladden'd will my spirit say,
 When sent with heaven's bright array
 On angel wings to bid thee ride.
 No more asunder shall we stay!
 Haste, spirit! haste! Away! Away!"

LINES,

*Occasioned by reading a Monody, written on the
Death of one of the Author's Brothers, by another,
who himself died soon after.*



My brother! o'er a brother's tomb
 When sweetly rung thy harp of sorrow,
 I little thought it was my doom
 O'er thine to sweep it on the morrow!
 And soon,—how soon I cannot say,
 With him and thee shall I be sleeping,
 And o'er my grave, to sorrow's lay,
 Some Minstrel may the Harp be sweeping.

But if to mine unhonour'd name
 No Minstrel should the Harp awaken,
 Nor e'en my grave the tears should claim
 That from my heart thine own has taken,
 The world's unkind neglect can be
 But little heeded by my spirit,
 Which shall, I trust, with him and thee
 The Kingdom of our God inherit.

TO EVELINA P——TT.

THREE was a time,—there was a time,
When I like thee was pure—was blest!
When not a thought of shame or crime,
With its pollution stain'd my breast!
While childhood bids each fairest flower
Of bliss, thine infant brow entwine,
I think how I in childhood's hour
Was pure as thee, sweet Eveline!

My childhood fled—and with it fled
The bliss,—the innocence it gave me!
No guardian angel o'er me spread
Her wing, from stain of earth to save me!
But Oh, may heaven ne'er allow
The path of error to be thine,
Whose thorns were trod by him, who now
Must envy thee, sweet Eveline!

Good angels guard thee from all ill,
And heaven all the bliss bestow
That now is thine, upon thee still
When beauty's ripest tints shall glow
Upon the cheek, on which so oft
My lips in fondest touch recline,

To seal in the impression soft,
My love for thee, sweet Eveline!

I know not how thine infant breast
Repays the feelings, by mine own
For thee, my darling child, confess:
From few I love return'd have known!
May all to thy young bosom dear
Repay thy love with love like mine,
Though mine have no return sincere,
From even thee, sweet Eveline!

It matters not, for we must part,
And not beneath mine eye shall grow
The beauties which thy form and heart
Shall to thy parents' gaze bestow;
Increasing may thy beauty's light,
External and internal, shine
To bless them, till an angel quite,
They meet in heav'n their Eveline!



MY DARLING LITTLE MARY.



When childhood shall have flown away,
And youth its bloom shall lend thee,

May all the bliss of childhood's day,
 And innocence, attend thee ;
 Nor may a heart so pure and blest,
 For guilt or sorrow vary,
 Which now are strangers to thy breast,
 My darling little Mary.

When Beauty's glow is on thee thrown,
 May it be thine endeavour
 Not outward charms to win alone,
 But those that perish never :
 Since all the charms that meet the eye
 Are not more bright than airy,
 Be thine the charms that never die,
 My darling little Mary.

On earth may Mary long repay
 The fondness of a mother,
 And from this world when call'd away
 By death, to seek another,
 May angels her pure spirit bear
 To bliss that cannot vary,
 And may she find a mother there
 To clasp her darling Mary.

TO AMELIA K——G.



DEAR little cherub! when beside me
 Thy laughing beauty glads mine eyes,
 Although the blessing is denied me
 Which none so well know how to prize,
 Although I am debar'd from hearing
 Affection's music from thy tongue,
 The music that with touch endearing
 Had thrilling o'er my heart-strings rung,
 Yet when thy brow of marble whiteness
 I press, or thy carnation cheek,
 Thine eyes, which beam with laughing brightness,
 To mine a thrilling language speak :
 Though from thy lips the fond confession
 I may not be allow'd to hear,
 Thine eyes declare, in sweet expression,
 Thy pure young heart esteems me dear.
 It is but lately thou hast known me,
 Yet even now thou lov'st me well,
 For such thine artless looks have shown me ;
 And how I love thee none can tell!
 I love thee as I were thy brother ;
 Then in Amelia let me claim
 My little sister, since none other
 I have who may command the name.

When in thine innocent caresses
 I feel such gladness I could weep ;
 When wreath my fingers in thy tresses,
 Or softly o'er my cheek they sweep ;
 Around thee when mine arm is twining
 To clasp thee in a dear embrace ;
 When soft thine eyes on mine are shining,
 Or press my lips thy cherub face ;
 I pray that thou by Him above thee,
 As I would bless thee, may be blest ;
 That He may love thee as I love thee,
 And take thy spirit to His breast :
 And there, Amelia, may I meet thee,
 When free shall be my tongue and ear ;
 When words of love from me shall greet thee,
 And I the same from thee shall hear.



LIFE AND DEATH.



Oh ! what is life ? A painful dream
 That death awakes us from—
 Death, who however he may seem
 In terror cloth'd to some,
 Our lot from anguish to redeem
 Shall like an angel come,

And clasp us to his icy breast,
 Where ev'ry care is lull'd to rest ;
 Since well that rest we need, Oh! why
 Should we thus fearful be to die ?

The dark impressions on the heart
 Of many a deed of ill,
 The terrors to the grave impart,
 From which with shudd'ring thrill
 Our guilty minds revolting start,
 And cling to being still;
 Though in that being we can find
 No fairy spell our souls to bind,
 And all our thousand sorrows say,
 " Turn from this wretched world away!"

Whatever we may suffer here,
 If what we merit all
 Were ours, a doom far more severe
 Upon our heads would fall ;
 And when, our spirits to unsphere,
 Death sounds the awful call,
 We shrink with horror from the world
 To come, where on us may be hurl'd
 A doom deserv'd. Fears of the grave
 Our minds but by our guilt enslave.

But Christian, shall such fears invade
 The breast of one for whom

A Saviour's life a ransom paid ?
 Wilt thou too dread the tomb,
 Where the Redeemer's head was laid
 To save thee from the doom
 Which none but those who scorn Him meet ?
 No—Christian, at thy Saviour's feet
 Thy life thou with its crimes canst lay,
 With hope's instead of terror's sway.



THE PRAYER OF PURITY.



Like thee I am not one of those
 Whose prayers to answer heav'n will deign,
 For never yet my prayer arose
 For bliss, but it arose in vain :
 Continu'd still a shower of woes
 Upon my fated head to rain ;
 And I must deem, though heav'n indeed
 May hear, my prayers it will not heed.

Yet why should heav'n regard a prayer
 To bless me? what am I but one
 Who well deserve the curse to bear
 From childhood thrown my doom upon?

Shall those who tread in error dare
 Expect that error's thorns to shun?
 I suffer more than others do,
 But I have err'd as widely too.

Yet there are prayers that might avail
 To bless me,—though no prayers of *mine* ;—
 Nor even mine to call would fail
 For *one*, a ray from heaven's shrine ;
 For bliss my future lot would hail,
 Invok'd by lips so pure as *thine* ;
 And blessings would embalm *thy* head,
 Although by lips unholy shed.

Then still shall bend my suppliant knee,
 Not for myself,—but one more dear ;—
 And thou,—O! *thou* wilt pray for me,
 And heav'n sure thy prayer will hear,
 And throw, for one unstain'd as thee,
 Oblivion on my past career ;
 And angels, thee to emulate,
 Will brighten my hereafter fate.

THOU ART GONE BEFORE ME.

THINE every joy thou bad'st me share,
 And when my brow was dark with care,
 Thine own its gloom would borrow ;
 How often, when with aching head,
 I writh'd upon a restless bed,
 With kind affection's sorrow,
 Thy hand this burning brow has prest,
 That lost its anguish, thus carest,
 And I was blest, but never,—
 O never more shall I be blest,
 For thou art lost forever !

When thou my aching brow hast smoothed,
 When thou my troubled heart hast soothed,
 I thought, with pleasing sadness,
 That thou, when death forbade my stay,
 With flowers of love wouldest strew the way,
 That I might tread with gladness :
 I thought that when upon the bier
 I lay, bedew'd with many a tear
 By friendship bending o'er me,
 One might be shed than all more dear,
 But—thou art gone before me !

OUR LOVE SHALL BLOOM IN HEAVEN.

DEATH's angel hovers near, my love,

 To tear me from thy sight;

To all, however dear, my love,

 I now must bid good night.

Adieu, to every friend adieu,

 And thou, esteem'd by me

More dear, than all I ever knew,

 Adieu, my love, to thee!

To bid adieu to thee, my love,

 If death the pang would spare,

None other could there be, my love,

 That I would shrink to bear;

For death appears from every ill,

 Misfortune's child to save;

But ah! thy love would turn me still,

 Reluctant from the grave.

Nay, why from that bright eye, my love,

 Should tears upon me rain?

Is there no world on high, my love,

 Where we shall meet again?

An erring path though I have trod,
 Mine errors are forgiven ;
 If God of mercy be a God,
 Our love shall bloom in heaven.



THE BRIDAL DAY.



“To day shall be our bridal day!”
 How blest was either thus to say,
 As he was from his true-love turning,
 (His kisses on her brow still burning,)
 To wait the hour when they should meet,
 To pledge their truth at Hymen’s feet.

The hour expected now is near,
 And soon her lover will appear,
 To lead her to the altar side,|
 Thus fondly thinks the promis’d bride,
 Is that his step? she runs,—she flies,—
 ’Tis not her lover meets her eyes,
 With troubled brow, and bath’d in tears,
 The brother of her love appears.

“Where is my Edgar? where?” she cried,
 He answer’d not, but at his side
 He led her to the bridal hall ;
 The bridal guests were thronging all
 With eager gaze one spot around :—
 She rush’d—and there her Edgar found
 Bereft of life! for so they said,
Her Edgar, her beloved was dead!
 Yet never wore that noble brow
 A look more calm and proud than now ;
 Nor even love’s keen eyes could trace
 The change of death upon his face ;
 And it were vain upon his cheek
 Corruption’s paly robe to seek,
 For still that cheek appear’d to wear
 The rose of beauty blooming there ;
 Nor from his lip the soft deep red,
 That there had blush’d in life, was fled;
 His ringlets floated in the sighs
 Of those who bow’d their weeping eyes ;
 Save that, his eyes to curtain, met
 The lilly and the violet,
 You could not in his features see
 A trait but what in life might be ;
 Nay his fair lids so sweetly laid
 The beauteous stars beneath to shade,
 And, playing on his lips, was seen
 A smile so lovely and serene,

You might have said, “ Can death be this?
Then death is but a dream of bliss!”

She spoke not,—wept not,—but beside
Her lover, knelt the widow'd bride :
And then some thought they heard her say,
“ To day shall be our bridal day!”

They spoke--she mov'd not,--from the ground
They rais'd her,—and her spirit found
Departed to her lover's, where
No power their ties apart might tear ;
Their love immortally shall bloom
Whose bridal bed is in the tomb.



TO JULIA MARIA S—



WHEN thou in beauty's pride shalt bloom,
Whose tints are dawning o'er thee now,
These limbs may wither in the tomb,
And reptiles clasp this aching brow ;
And when these eyes, that love to dwell
Upon thee with affection's ray,
Have bid to thee and all farewell,
Thine own may dwell upon this lay ;

The lay that when thy beauty's flower
 Scarce from the infant bud had sprung,
 To chase a pain'd and idled hour,
 Beneath my fever'd fingers rung.

And thou perhaps wilt think upon
 The transient moments that we met ;
 Yes, thou wilt then remember one
 Whom few have loved or will regret !
 Remember, when this heart is still,
 Its prayer was breathed, while yet it beat,
 That mental nor external ill
 My Julia's years to come should meet ;
 That never her dear brow consign'd
 Might be, to pangs that burn mine own ;
 Nor the dark clouds that shade my mind,
 On hers by guilt or grief be thrown.

ODE FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1826.



How many are now in the cold grave reposing
 Who welcom'd the dawn of the year that has
 fled!

How little, alas! did they think that its closing
 Should find them enshrin'd in the urn of the
 dead!

How many a bosom, now bounding as lightly,
 Shall yield its last throb, and be motionless laid ;
 The spark of **existence**, now beaming so brightly,
 Extinguish'd forever in sepulchral shade :

How many this year to the grave's dark dominions
 Shall hasten, who welcome its rising career,
 Ere time once again on his air-feather'd pinions
 Shall usher the dawn of another New-Year !

And I, who now muse on the thousands departed,
 May follow them ere the return of this day,
 Bedew'd with the tears of some friend broken-
 hearted,

Who now smiles upon me unthinking and gay ;
 And better than I should survive to deplore them,
 The few that to share my affections remain,
 O better by far I should perish before them,
 Nor hail the return of a New-Year again.

The hearts that now love me, will they not regret me,
 Shall ever my memory cease to be dear?
 The friends of my bosom,—O can they forget me,
 If swept from their sight by the close of the year?

If all I have lov'd have repaid my affections
 With ardour unbounded, unfeigned as mine own,
 My name, in the hearts of my friends and connexions,
 Shall ever be cherish'd on memory's throne;
 But little it then will avail to me, whether
 Remember'd by those I have lov'd, or forgot;
 In mansions of bliss when united together,
 On earth if they valued my friendship or not,
 Love breathing around in the zephyrs of heaven
 Shall each to the other forever endear,
 Whom there our Redeemer a mansion has given
 To live and to love through Eternity's Year.

 PARAPHRASE OF

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest o'er thy fields
 Of azure, in etherial height,
 Round as my brave-arm'd fathers' shields,
 Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy light—

Thine everlasting light! when springs
 Thine awful beauty forth, a veil
 Around the trembling stars it flings,
 And the dim moon sinks cold and pale
 Beneath the western wave ; but thou
 Rejoicest in thy course alone :
 The mountain oaks to time shall bow ;
 The mountain's selves be overthrown ;
 The ocean shrinks and grows again ;
 The moon herself is lost in heaven ;
 But thou the same shalt ever reign,
 In car of burning glory driven !
 When tempests dark the world deform,
 When thunder rolls and lightning flies,
 In beauty, laughing at the storm,
 Burst from the clouds thy dazzling eyes
 Thou lookest forth—but not to me,—
 Thy glories to my sight are lost ;
 Thy beauteous beams I may not see,
 Whether thy yellow hair be lost
 Athwart the eastern cloud on high,
 Or at the portals of the west
 Thou tremblest, ere thou leav'st the sky,
 In ocean's lap to sink to rest,

HORACE, LIB. 1st. ODE 5th.

TO PYRRHA.

For whom in undulating tresses
 Does Pyrrha wreath her golden hair?
 What slender youth, who lightly presses
 A bed of roses, courts thee there?
 Bedew'd with an ambrosial river,
 The credulous lover little dreams
 The bark of pleasure storms shall shiver,
 Now dancing o'er those fragrant streams.

Alas! how oft of changeful heaven
 And broken faith, shall he complain,
 Who now, to thy delusions given,
 Enjoys a dream so bright, so vain!
 When he beholds the face of ocean
 Roughen'd with black'ning winds, and views
 The storms unwonted, whose commotion
 His paradise in ruin strews!

Unhappy all to thee a stranger
 Who think that thou art fair! for me,—
 Escap'd from their impending danger,
 The stern controller of the sea

Beholds upon his shrine suspended
 My garments, dripping from the main,
 The wreck, whose perils now are ended,
 To call to memory again.



I LOVED THEE EVER DEARLY.



DELUSIVE maid, who in my breast
 The passion didst awaken,
 Whose influence is still confest,
 Though I am thus forsaken ;
 Though by thy falsehood doom'd to part
 From one I lov'd sincerely,
 I could not tear thee from my heart,
 But lov'd thee ever dearly !

O never may the faithless heart,
 That once to me was given,
 Endure the agonizing smart
 Of vows by others riven !
May he thou hast to me prefer'd,
 Repay thy love sincerely,
Nor falsely speak the tender word,
 " I'll love thee ever dearly ! "

Farewell—I shall not meet again
 With thee,—O never, never!
 On earth I may no more remain,
 Farewell—farewell forever!
 He comes,—the welcome angel death,
 And Oh it is sincerely
 I tell thee, with my dying breath,
 I lov'd thee ever dearly!

May my departing spirit crave
 Thy thoughts beyond to-morrow?
 Say wilt thou ever seek my grave
 To drop the tear of sorrow?
 O if upon my lifeless clay
 That tear is dropt sincerely,
 My spirit will arise to say,
 “ I lov'd thee ever dearly!”



THE EVER BLOOMING FLOWER.

THE OLD MAN's SONG.



ELIZA, we were in our May
 When first I call'd thee mine ;
 But though our youth has flown away
 My heart continues thine :

Though every charm by thee possest
 Receding years devour,
 Love flourishes within my breast,
 The ever blooming flower.

With thee encircled in these arms,
 Our youth returns again ;
 And memory recalls the charms
 The eye would trace in vain :
 The rose must like those charms decay,
 The pride of Flora's bower,
 But love can never fade away,
 The ever blooming flower.

When death with his commission dread
 Beside us shall appear,
 No thorns shall strew our dying bed,
 For loye shall banish fear :
 We cannot fly the tyrant's doom,
 But may contemn his power,
 For love shall flourish on our tomb,
 The ever blooming flower.

TO ELIZABETH.

THE dawning bloom of youth appears
 Its tints upon thy cheek to throw,
 Which in a few succeeding years
 With those of womanhood will glow ;
 But what are the carnation dye,
 The ruby lip,—the brow of snow ;
 The laughing, sparkling, melting, eye ;
 The ringlets' wild luxuriant flow ;
 And all external charms combin'd,
 To those which beautify the mind ?

All beauty is by that surpast
 Which awes the heart its fetters bind ;
 Let modesty around thee cast
 That brightest charm of womankind ;
 And may thy lips celestial truth
 Her holy accents breathe upon ;
 That, while recedes the bloom of youth,
 Esteem undying may be won ;
 The charms of virtue thou canst save,
 Triumphant over beauty's grave.

A stranger to affliction's sighs,
 To thee be ev'ry blessing known ;

Yet with the wretched sympathize,
 To whom a darker fate is shown ;
 The tear that mourns another's pain
 In beauty's eye a gem appears,
 Her power resistless to enchain
 Our homage, when compassion's tears
 Glitter upon her cheek, resembling
 The dew on blushing leaflets trembling.

Be virtue thine,—and though the power
 Of time may dim that sparkling eye,
 Sweep from thy cheek each blushing flower,
 And bid thine ev'ry beauty die ;
 If only outward charms were given,
 Though such as all the world admire,
 The brightest, loveliest under heavcn,
 Would fail the homage to inspire,
 Thou shalt from every heart obtain
 When virtue's charms alone remain.



ONE KISS BEFORE WE PART.



One kiss before we part, love,
 Ere o'er the waters blue
 Yon bark, too swiftly bounding,
 Shall waft me from thy view !

O let thy lips infuse, love,
 Their balm into my heart ;
 To soothe this hour of pain, bestow
 One kiss before we part !

One kiss before we part, love,
 That till we meet again
 My dearest hopes may cherish,
 Though all those hopes be vain ;
 O say not they are vain, love,
 To wring this doating heart,
 But give, though but in kind deceit,
 One kiss before we part !



FAREWELL TO EMMA.



To thee when I resign'd my heart,
 And in return thine own was given,
 I little thought that we should part,
 That I should lose the earthly heaven,
 From which I now, alas ! am hurl'd
 Into the gulf of misery,
 While none is left in all the world
 To love, or be belov'd by me !

Yes—there is one—We have not yet
 Recal'd the hearts we once exchang'd ;
 And never, never can forget,
 Though now eternally estrang'd,
 The raptures we together knew,
 As roving by each other's side,
 Believing all our visions true,
 I hail'd in thee my future bride.

Upon our lips the fatal wand
 Of silence, is forever laid ;
 But lovers well can understand
 The language in the eyes pourtray'd ;
 And when thine eyes encounter'd mine,—
 But why thus madly backward throw
 Our glance to joys we must resign,
 Whose memory augments our woe ?

I dare not meet those eyes again,
 Their tenderness the heart would burst
 That, like thine own, so long in vain
 The hopeless flame within has nurst.

The arms, to whose embrace I sprung
 Before we parted in despair,
 Those arms would still be open flung,
 And bid me find a welcome there ;
 The lips that mine so oft have prest
 Again with mine their breath would blend,
 I might be, as I have been, blest
 Did all alone on love depend ;

But ah! that fatal bar between,
 We may not,—dare not overthrow!
 If this in time had been foreseen,
 Not now such anguish should we know !
 If hope had never fan'd our flame,
 By time or absence it might die,
 But now it still must burn the same,
 While years on years receding fly ;
 And though again we dare not meet,
 Our hearts with one another dwell,
 And we forever must repeat,
 “ To thee—but not to love—Farewell ! ”



FAIR ADELAIDE.



“ THEY forc'd my love to yonder tower
 To listen to a hated tale ;
 But when oppos'd to tyrant power
 Can love to prove triumphant fail ?
 To arms, my friends ! to arms ! away !
 For beauty's tears forbid delay ;
 And this shall be our battle cry,
 Fair Adelaide and Victory ! ”

“ Fair Adelaide and Victory!”
 Exulting they repeat the sound
 Sebastian with a startled eye
 Beholds the threat’ning foe around ;
 “ To arms! to arms!” Sebastian cries,
 “ To arms!” His enemy replies,
 “ For we to-day must do or die
 For Adelaide and Victory!”

The gallant band the portals gain ;
 Sebastian with a maniac’s ire
 Attempts to check their way in vain ;
 They rush like an impetuous fire
 Consuming all before their path—
 The trembling vassals fly their wrath,
 The victors shouting, as they fly,
 “ Fair Adelaide and Victory!”

Amid the thickest of the fight
 Impetuously the lover dash’d,
 And with a meteor’s fearful light
 Among the foe his weapon flash’d,
 Its lightning sweep so terrible
 It wither’d all on whom it fell !
 He shouted, as it wav’d on high,
 “ Fair Adelaide and Victory!”

Sebastian in his father's halls
 Has sunk beneath his rival's blade,
 Who rushes from the hated walls
 To bear away his lovely maid ;
 Encircled in her hero's arms,
 The heart that throb'd with wild alarms,
 Now beats with transport, as they cry,
 " Fair Adelaide and Victory!"



INCONSTANCY.



WHEN with Eliza meeting
 Joy kindled in her eyes,
 How blissful was the greeting !
 But rapture quickly flies ;
 A woman's love is fleeting,
 And in its bloom it dies.

A woman's love is seeming,
 A woman's smiles deceive,
 And those are idly dreaming
 Who woman's lips believe,
 Or from her eye's mild beaming
 A ray of bliss receive.

Though now so ill requited
 By her that I adore ;
 Though all my hopes are blighted,
 And she will smile no more ;
 Though in despair benighted,
 I have been blest before.

Though every former favour
 Has melted into air,
 My love shall never waver,
 Unshaken by despair,
 But on my heart engrave her,
 To dwell forever there.



MY CHILDHOOD.



My childhood scenes! Oh where are they
 I now am but in boyhood's years,
 Yet on no scene my glance can stray
 To memory one trace endears
 Of childhood's smiles, or childhood's tears ;
 I look at every spot so strange,—
 So alter'd now,—and then I say,
 While pain'd my heart remarks the change,
 “ My childhood scenes! Oh where are they ?”

My childhood friends! Oh where are they ?

The dearest in the grave recline,
 And others long estrang'd away
 Forget they e'er were friends of mine ;
 And yet I never can resign
 The memory of even such
 As least repaid affection's sway ;
 But still this thought my soul must touch,
 " My childhood friends! Oh where are they ?"

My childhood joys! Oh where are they ?

And where the innocence, which gave
 To every joy its purest ray ?
 Those joys have found an early grave ;—
 That innocence!—Oh could I save
 The innocence of childhood's hour,
 Not thus should I be sorrow's prey,
 Nor sigh, beneath affliction's shower,
 " My childhood joys! Oh where are they ?"

Where is my childhood now ? And where

Shall be my youth ?—Its every joy ?—
 Its every scene ?—But heaven spare
 Its *friends*, whatever time destroy ;
 And if some feelings yet employ
 My mind, which heav'n may pure esteem,
 Oh! may I not the horror bear
 To say, when launch'd on manhood's stream,
 " Where are such feelings now ! Ah where ?"

COME TO MY HOME.

Oh! come, my love, come to my home with me,
 Tho' there not the grandeur of thine thou wilt see,
 But poverty's traces alone will discover,
 Yet be what it may,—'tis the home of thy lover.

From this palace of pride though I call thee away
 For a moment, believe not I'd urge thee to stay ;
 Come, love, for a moment, then leave it forever,—
 And a charm will remain that can fade from it
 never.

For if thou wilt leave thy dear image behind,
 When thickest and darkest my evils I find,
 I will turn to my home, in the hour of my sorrow,
 From that image a charm that may soothe me to
 borrow.

My home once possest all the pride of thine own,
 And the fortune was mine that before thee is
 thrown ;
 But mine only regret o'er the wreck of my splendor
 Is that to my dearest I nothing may tender.

For my hand too exalted and worthy thou art;—
 I nothing can offer to thee but my heart;
 And that heart better knows what a lover should
 owe thee,
 That to wish thee a fortune in all things below thee.

But come to my home, and let there be imprest
 Thine image, the dearest enshrin'd in my breast;
 When that image is there it will more than recover
 The charms that have fled from the home of thy
 lover.



THE CHARMS OF WOMAN.



THE bright sparkling stars we admire,
 And the beams from Apollo that blaze;
 And we worship the lovelier fire
 In the soft eyes of Woman that plays:
 The bloom of the flourishing roses
 Delight to the eyes can impart;
 And the bloom that dear Woman discloses
 Has far more delight for the heart.

How sweetly the zephyrs are throwing
 The fragrance they snatch from the flowers—

How sweeter the breath that is flowing
 From the pure lips of Woman to ours!
 Whatever around thee thou meetest
 The spell of delight that can lend,
 The brightest,—the fairest,—the sweetest,
 In Woman far lovelier blend.

The charms which she lends to the senses
 No charms upon earth can excel,
 Save those which *her* spirit dispenses
 To lay on *our* spirit a spell.
 Her eyes have a heavenly splendor,
 But if virtue have kindled its star
 In her soul, its resplendence will lend her
 A light that is lovelier far.

If the soil of her spirit should bear her
 The flowers that from virtue are sprung,
 Oh who but would think them much fairer
 Than those on her cheek that are flung!
 Her breath has a sweetness when blending
 With ours, in the pure kiss of love;—
 Far sweeter that breath were, ascending
 In prayer to her Maker above.

When in one all the charms are united
 On the soul and the senses that steal,—
 When we gaze on her softness delighted,
 Or when to her brightness we kneel,

However those beauties may ravish
 And fetter the soul and the eyes,
 Not on them all our thoughts should we lavish,
 But spare one at least for the skies.

If the light of her eyes we admire,
 Oh! what is the glory of Him
 From whom heaven's eyes have the fire
 To which even beauty's were dim—
 Who the blaze to Apollo has given
 Which the stars to behold cannot bear—
 What splendor on earth or in heaven
 Can with its Creator's compare ?

If all the creation discloses
 Such beauty, our homage to claim,
 How awful a beauty reposes
 On the brow of the God whence it came!
 When Woman upon you has laid her
 Control, while you love and adore
 Oh! think of the Being who made her,
 And love Him and worship Him more!

THE SUN OF OUR LOT.

THE day soon recedes for the night,
 And the night soon recedes for the day,
 And thus, when our fortune is bright
 Soon darkness will chase it away ;
 Yet none should despair who are laid
 In gloom, for ere long they may learn
 That the light, though it swiftly may fade,
 As swiftly again will return.

If the sun never shrouded his blaze,
 The eyes of poor mortals would find
 The longer he dazzled their gaze
 The more to his light they were blind ;
 And the sun of our lot would, like him,
 To brighten our hearts lose the claim,
 And all of its rays seem but dim,
 If those rays were forever the same.

The sun most resplendent appears
 When bursting the cloud o'er him flung,
 And nothing so pleasure endears
 As that it from sorrow has sprung.

If to heaven with thanks we are bow'd
 For the sun it has given to bless,
 Why should we repine at the cloud
 That was given in mercy no less?

For good we our Maker adore,
 Nor less when enshrouded in ill
 Adoring should bend Him before,
 For good will return to us still ;
 Then none should despair who are laid
 In gloom, for ere long they may learn
 That the light, though it swiftly may fade,
 As swiftly again will return.



THE SHORE OF HEAVEN.



Thou hast gone away o'er the stormy main.
 Nor we know where thy bark may be,
 Nor when thy returning sail again
 The friends of thy heart may see ;
 But thou canst believe, where'er thou art,
 That thither my mind extends,
 And where'er thou goest thou bearest the heart
 Of one, at least, of thy friends.

If I am calm when the tempest raves,
 'Tis not that I have forgot
 How thou art expos'd on the tossing waves,
 Where peril attends thy lot ;
 But 'tis that I know to thy gallant soul
 The storm is more welcome than dread,
 For thou lovest to see the surges roll
 When the clouds burst over thy head.

And 'tis that I know the prayers, which rise
 From an innocent heart for thee,
 Will waft thee safe under frowning skies,
 And over the madden'd sea ;
 For she, whose heart I had hop'd to share,
 Till I found that it all was thine,
 Will shield thy dear head with many a prayer,
 As wild as, and purer than mine.

When thou shalt return to thy native land,
 In her to welcome thy bride ;—
 When thou shalt receive from her the hand,
 That was to thy friend denied ;
 To the ocean of bliss, where launch'd will be,
 The bark of thy soul, may be given
 No shore to bound such a fairy sea,
 Except the bright shore of heaven.

DELUSED LOVE.

How oft enjoying at thy side
 The hours of all my life the brightest,
 I felt the hopes upon me glide
 Which now, delusive maid, thou blightest!
 I own my doom to lose thee just ;
 'Twas mad to think thou e'er couldst love me ;
 But still I might deserve thy trust,
 Whoe'er thy heart prefers above me.

In thee a kindred flame to dare
 Expect, alas! was frenzied blindness ;
 And ev'n the wish that thou wouldest share
 A lot like mine was but unkindness ;
 For never lot than mine was worse,—
 Its gloom extends to my connexions,
 And thee might shadow with its curse
 If we were link'd in our affections.

Nor one so stain'd with sin and shame
 Could merit thee, an earthly heaven ;
 For deeds that thou wouldest shrink to name,
 And thoughts that scarce may be forgiven,
 Have oft polluted me, while thou
 Hast ever been so pure,—so holy,—

We read upon thy sainted brow
 That thou art mark'd for heaven solely.

Alone can to thy charge be laid
 Thou wrong'dst me by unkind dissembling :
 The hopes were well to thee betray'd
 Which in my foolish heart were trembling :
 In justice to me thou shouldst all
 As soon as thou hadst mark'd them smother ;
 Shouldst tell me what I fain would call
 Mine own, was given to another.

But no--it was conceal'd,—and more—
 It was *denied!*—hadst thou not spoken
 That falsehood—had I known before
 What now to know my heart has broken,—
 Though ill I could the shock sustain,
 Of every hope my heart bereaving,
 I could not then as now complain
 Of wrong in thy unkind deceiving.

I blame thee not that thou couldst know
 For him than me a gentler feeling,
 Nor would I blame upon thee throw
 For not thine every thought revealing ;
 But when thou didst profane thy tongue
 With falsehood,—when thou didst deny it,

To cherish hopes that thus have wrung
 My heart, didst thou not wrong me by it?

I might at least deserve thy trust,
 Although I nothing else could merit ;
 I might have been forewarn'd I must
 Resign the hopes, which could inherit
 But disappointment and distress—
 Oh hadst thou more sincerely spoken,—
 Had or my hope or love been less,
 My heart were ne'er so rudely broken !



THE NIGHTLY MOURNER.



WHEN the fair moon sails along
 Smiling on her bright-ey'd throng,
 From the lonely one, who now
 On the cold sod hides his brow,
 Thus his bitter plaint she hears
 Echo through his night of tears :

“ Shine not, empress of the night,
 Veil in clouds thy beauteous light,
 Bid the eyes that gem thy throne
 Look not on me where I groan ;

For unnotic'd I would weep
Where Clarinda's ashes sleep.

When I look upon the skies
Bright and azure as the eyes
That shall never beam again,
GA**re those gems of starry light
Quench'd in an eternal night?**

Flowers that blush around her tomb,
She is faded,—can ye bloom?
Since the sweetest flower has fled
In the grave to hide its head,
Never more to bloom again,
Why in mockery remain?

Darkness, come! I bid thee hail!
Wrap me in thy cloudy veil,
That mine eye may nothing meet
Which is bright, or fair, or sweet,
Lest its beauties seem to scorn
Her whom they no more adorn.

Though her love repaid me not
Mine can never be forgot!
Would she might again arise,
With the lightnings in her eyes

Which were oft in anger cast
On the love they could not blast ;—

With the lips, (which reptiles kiss !)
Wreath'd, though but in bitterness,
Beautiful as when in pride
They mine every hope denied ;
And with brow again as fair,
But again a frown to wear —

Nay,—do I the pangs forget
From her with'ring frown I met ?
Shall I brave the curse once more,
Which I ill could bear before ?
Would she liv'd,—but not for me,—
Her I never more would see.

Bid me not to turn mine eyes
From her grave to yonder skies ;
Stern would be my welcome, even
Should we meet in yonder heaven !
There I'd writhe beneath her frown,—
Here unreck'd I lay me down.”

LOVE : AN APOLOGY.

THERE is a flame, (but not the flame
 Of love, though it usurps the name,)
 Which kindles oft at beauty's eyes,
 And even as it kindles dies ;
 It is not love, though love it seems,
 And even he who feels it dreams
 That love indeed his heart inspires ;
 Love kindles not such fickle fires.

That flame, it cannot be denied,
 Within me oft has glow'd and died ;
 My heart its changing sway obey'd,
 And wander'd still from maid to maid ;
 And each whose spell was on me cast
 Appear'd more lovely than the last ;
 And none I woo'd but I believ'd
 I lov'd her ; she perhaps receiv'd
 The thought then mine, which soon I knew,
 And she as soon perceiv'd, untrue.

I've thought of one by day and night ;
 Mine only heav'n was in her slight ;
 And rather than be doom'd to stay
 One moment's space from her away

I would the direst torture bear;
 Her name I blest in ev'ry prayer,
 And to that name I bade aspire
 The proudest accents of my lyre ;
 No vision fancy could create
 Of bliss for my hereafter fate,
 But imag'd her, with smile serene,
 Brightening still the brightest scene.
 I clung to her for years and years,
 Alike unchang'd in smiles and tears ;—
 And was it love ? You think it so,—
 But was it love indeed ? Ah no !

I found her worthless,—from my heart
 I bade her image then depart ;—
 Had love been in that heart, it sure
 Had broken, ere it could endure
 That image to renounce, despite
 Her worthlessness. There is no blight
 Which change of fortune,—loss of fame,
 Or stain of guilt, can ever claim
 A power to throw on the control
 Of love, that *once* has fir'd the soul.

Then blame me not, ungentle maid,
 Nor with inconstancy upbraid,
 Nor say I oft have Love forgot,—
 How could I, when I knew him not ?

But in my heart thou now canst read
 That Love has enter'd there indeed ;
 And it were sacrilege to say
 That Love can ever fly away
 From any hearts that him receive ;—
 My first, my last belov'd, believe
 He in my heart shall reign for thee
 Through time and through eternity !



ADDRESS,

WRITTEN FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW-YORK
 THEATRE.



In life's career whatever path we tread,
 The thorns of Grief, or Pleasure's flowery bed,
 If dark or bright the scene before our eyes,
 To others still the mind impatient flies,
 Bidding our world's realities farewell
 For dreams created by the Poet's spell.

Where should she turn but where, upon the wing
 Of Fancy, visionary beings spring ;
 Where years departed, bursting the control
 Of Time, upon our gaze returning roll ;

Where heroes, taught by Death alone to yield,
 Recal'd from Death again alarm the field,
 Returning all their grandeur to our eyes,
 Their proud renown, and deeds of high emprise ;
 Where Desolation shakes her flaming brand ;
 Where Carnage clogs in gore his weapon'd hand ;
 Where War unveils his terrors, to o'erwhelm
 In cataracts of blood a struggling realm ;
 Where mad Ambition's step triumphant climbs
 Upon the necks of those who brave his crimes,
 Till from his tow'ring height by Vengeance hurl'd,
 Amid the shouts of an acclaiming world ;
 Or where the gentler passions are pourtray'd
 In Love's Romance, or Beauty's Faith display'd.

Oh thou, the mighty wizard of the heart,
 Who bidst at will our ev'ry passion start,
 Immortal Shakspeare ! to thy muse divine
 We raise and consecrate another shrine !
 Oh be not vain the effort to display
 The passions breath'd in thine inspiring lay ;
 The tyrant fiend, who with indignant ire
 Thrills every bosom known to generous fire ;
 The struggles of a great and guilty mind,
 To dark ambition and remorse consign'd ;
 The majesty of terror thou hast thrown
 On beings call'd by thee from worlds unknown ;

The phantoms of the slaughter'd that arise
 In horror to enchain the guilty eyes ;
 The shudd'ring son who meets the awful shade
 Of him a brother's hand in death had laid ;
 The *child-chang'd* father, from his offspring driven,
 His brain on fire,—his heart with anguish riven ;
 The filial duty of his injur'd child ;
 The jealous madness of Suspicion wild :
 The agony of the repentant Moor,
 As lies his murder'd bride his gaze before—
 These if the stage can like thy muse unfold,
 None here but in thy sway must be control'd.

Nor yet the tragic muse shall reign alone ;
 The mirthful spirit shall divide the throne,
 Shall bid the tear in Beauty's starry eye
 Trembling upon her glitt'ring pinions fly ;
 Shall ride within her dimpled car of roses
 Where Love his laughing Paradise discloses ;
 Around her heart shall throw a flow'ry chain,
 And wreath her lips in smiles 'twere heav'n to gain.

And not alone the lover seeks to wear
 Of Beauty's smile the trophy,—*we* would share
 Her smile approving, which alone can bless
 Our efforts, and complete them with success :

Should Beauty smile, who then that would
presume

To cloud our rising sun with frowning gloom ?
Since all are sway'd by you, to you ye fair,
Our infant stage is turn'd for fost'ring care,
And if ye be not lovelier than kind
It claims no more than it must hope to find.



SHE LOVES ME.



SHE loves—she loves me!—spare thy warning—

Say not I oft have been deceiv'd,
And found at last the flatt'rer's scorning
For hopes too long, too well believ'd.
She loves me! And she loves me dearly!

Her heart has breath'd the language sweet!
She loves me!—And she loves sincerely—
For she—Oh can she know deceit ?

She is too young for a deceiver—

Too skilless in this world of lies ;
And shall that world at last bereave her
Of all that in her now I prize ?—
Compel her artless love to vanish
For levity's unfeeling mask—

And teach her. truth for forms to banish ?
Accurst be the unholy task !

Oh! if the world can ever change thec—
Pervert thy truth—thine ardour chill,—
And from thy once belov'd estrange thee
My heart will break—indeed it will!
But not a moment will I cherish
Such cruel thought, unjust to thee ;
Oh! can a love so guileless perish ?
Ah no! Ah no! It cannot be!

My memory shall mark as holy
The dear, dear moment that I prest
My lips to thine ; for then was solely
Thine own, my glowing heart confess ;
Thine, my belov'd, and thine forever!—
Hereafter shouldst thou me forsake
Could I recal my heart ? Oh never!
It could not change—but it would break !

If of inconstancy the finger
Profaning, never touch thy mind,
Though I for years and years must linger
Before my hopes completion find,
I can be patient,—but the token
Shouldst thou recal, thy love once gave,
Mine only tie of life thus broken,
I'd rush to frenzy or the grave !

THINK OF ME.

WHEN floods of light upon thee break,
 From heav'n, a heav'n of earth to make,
 And one thou needest to partake
 The splendor on thee stealing ;
 Or when each ray of splendor dies,
 And scowl upon thee gloomy skies,
 And one thou need'st to sympathize
 With desolated feeling ;
 Or when thou look'st around mankind,
 Nor one among them all canst find
 Who has with thine a kindred mind,
 When earth to thee is drearest ;
 When all deny affection's balm
 The fever of thy soul to calm,
 Oh ! then remember where I am !
 Oh ! think upon me, dearest !

But sure it cannot be decreed
 Protection thou shouldst ever need,
 Or sympathy ;—thy virtues plead
 So well for thee with heaven,
 Its blessings only will descend,
 And earth no less will thee befriend,—
 Ah ! that I might as well depend,
 Upon the hope, that given

To me a thought of thine can be,
 While all around thee worship thee!
 But if thou him shouldst wish to see
 Whose ardour is sincerest;
 Whose ev'ry fondest thought is thine,—
 Whose heart is bleeding at thy shrine,—
 Who life would for thy sake resign,—
 Oh! think upon me, dearest!



THE MAID OF THE STORM.



O! say for whom by yonder tomb
 Alone, that maiden weeps?
 Belov'd most dear, her lover here
 On wormy pillow sleeps!
 Beside his stone she kneels alone,
 And breathes an ardent prayer,
 Her eyes upraising, on heaven gazing,
 That death may find her there.

It was the hour that beauty's power
 Is wont to reign supreme,
 Yet she, the queen of heav'n, serene,
 Imparted not a beam;

Her train around in darkness drown'd
 Turn'd not their beauty down,
 For earth and heaven upon that even
 Appear'd at once to frown.

The stormy king his flaming wing
 Was flapping in the sky,
 Whose awful glare no man could bear
 Without a shudd'ring eye ;
 Then how could she undaunted be
 Amid the lightning dread,
 Which on her gaze in fearful blaze
 Incessant flash'd and fled ?

That maiden's eye upon the sky
 No terrors could behold ;
 Nor heeded she from heav'n to see
 The lightning's torrent roll'd ;
 The bursting cloud in thunder loud
 Unmark'd her ear addrest ;
 One thought around her senses wound,
 And banish'd all the rest.

“ Not now we part ! ” with sudden start
 That maiden wildly cried,
 To one who near she thought appear,
 “ Oh welcome ! take thy bride ! ”
 In fond belief of credulous grief,
 Unless it so may be

That faithful maid her lover's shade,
Upon his grave, might see.

As at the sight with wild delight
She forth to clasp him sprung,
An icy chill with sudden thrill
On all her limbs was flung ;
And from her view the form withdrew,
Receding slow within
His lowly grave, with beck'ning wave,
As there his bride to win.

As sunk that form wild rag'd the storm ;
The whirlwind in its ire
Swept to the ground the tombs around ;
The lightnings wrapt in fire
Each bending tree, whose canopy
Was wont a shade to throw ;
With fearful sound at once the ground
Shook—burst—and sunk below !

The maiden sunk, nor even shrunk
As on the bier she fell,
Whose bursting lid no longer hid
The form she lov'd so well !
The corpse beside that faithful bride
All fearlessly reclin'd !
Prov'd her last breath the love in death
Which few in life can find !

The morrow came, and those whose name
 And those whose hearts she bore,
 Rov'd far and near, with hope and fear,
 That maiden to explore ;
 They found the maid all lifeless laid
 Upon her lover's breast ;
 In bridal kiss her lips to his
 Cold with'ring cheek, were prest !

Though none but dread their grave to tread
 When light recedes away,
 There is not aught to claim a thought
 Of fear, by night or day ;
 By day or night no mortal might
 Again behold that form,
 For calm his rest since he possest
 The Maiden of the Storm !



THE SUN OF BEAUTY.



YE stars which seem the bended eyes
 Of the bright maids of paradise,
 Whose glances steal at hour of even
 Through the blue canopy of heaven !

The earth on which your light is streaming
 Has eyes with equal splendor beaming,
 Where yonder blooming virgin band
 Are lightly tripping hand in hand,
 And now recede, and now advance,
 In all the mazes of the dance,
 Around their queen, as fair and bright
 As yours, the regent of the night!

But when aside Apollo flings
 The shroud that now around him clings,
 Tosses on high his dazzling hair,
 And breathes into the burning air,
 You shrink obscur'd, but we forget,
 In his, your splendor to regret.

And thus when Beauty's Sun, her soul,
 Shall in its car angelic roll
 From earth to heav'n—Oh could its blaze
 Be given to our mortal gaze,
 We should not weep, thus broken-hearted,
 That from her eyes the stars departed!

MONODY ON

MARY JANETTE ASTEN.

Oh! say not that her fair blue eyes
 Are clos'd in death forever!
 They now are beaming in the skies,
 Where night shall shroud them never!
 Nor say that from her cherub face
 Corruption sweeps the roses,
 While in the dark and chill embrace
 Of death, her form reposes!

Nor say around her marble brow
 That reptiles are entwining;
 For there, in light eternal, now
 A seraph's wreath is shining!
 Your Mary to the wormy grave
 Her beauty has not given ;
 The charms which to your eye she gave
 Have fled--but *where?*—to heaven!

It was not Mary to the tomb
 You bore, with bosom bleeding ;
 It is not upon Mary's bloom
 The worm of death is feeding ;

In her disguise deceiv'd your eye
 The clay that once enshrin'd her;
 You only saw before you lie
 The robe she left behind her!

Nor say that she no more is near—
 With eyes of fondness, over
 The parents, who bewail her here,
 Her angel pinions hover!
 And from the lips, that when below
 So oft were your's caressing,
 Although unheard, her accents flow,
 Her weeping parents blessing!

You know her blest—and yet you weep—
 But who, the tears of feeling
 Which from the parents' eyes, to steep
 The child belov'd, are stealing,
 Wish reason calmly would restrain,
 His words unreck'd were spoken;
 For reason's coldness pleads in vain
 To hearts with anguish broken.

But there shall come a time at last
 To heal the broken-hearted,
 To banish all the anguish past
 You felt since she departed,

When you reclasp her to your heart
 In worlds were none shall sever,
 Where death can never bid you part
 Again—Oh never! never!



MONODY ON

ABRAHAM W. RICH,

An interesting Child, who during his illness expressed an unwillingness to recover.



THE happiest hours that mortals know
 Attend on childhood's guiltless day,
 And yet, alas! how oft to woe
 Must even childhood be a prey!
 How oft, when scarce his life has sprung
 Emerging from its infancy,
 May man exclaim, with anguish wrung,
 “ This world is not a world for me!”

“ This world is not a world for me!”
 Such was thy thought, thou angel boy,

When death was bending over thee,
 Thy young existence to destroy!
 Of life though but the brightest side
 Alone, thine infant gaze could see,
 To all its charms thy heart replied,
 “ This world is not a world for me!”

Thou hadst no will to stay below,
 Thou hadst no will to shun the grave,
 And yet but little didst thou know,
 The ills from which the tomb can save!
 Oh! hadst thou seen their dark array,
 Thou hadst exclaim’d, on bended knee,
 “ Oh take me from the world away!
 This world is not a world for me!”

Then thou whose lonely eyes are turn’d
 Where late they saw thy darling lie
 In fever’s fierce embraces burn’d,
 Oh! listen to him from the sky!
 Dost thou not hear his cherub voice,
 Its accents warbling thus to thee,
 “ Oh weep not; mother, but rejoice!
 Thy world was not a world for me!”

MONODY ON L. T. GUEST,**A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOY.**

How fondly the parents behold their dear boy,
As he gambols before them in innocent joy!
How thrills to their heart the glad lightning that
flies,
On the wings of delight, from their cherub's young
eyes,
As fair as the sky, when the sun's brightest ray
Has chas'd the pale cloud from its beauty away!
While his clustering hair now conceals, now
discloses
His seraphic cheeks, its soft pillow of roses!

But ah! with what anguish their bosom is wrung,
Above the pale corpse of their darling when hung!
Oh none but a parent can feel, or can tell
Within them what heart-breaking agonies swell,
As they kiss the cold eyes animation once
brighten'd,
But never—Oh never! again shall be lighten'd!
And the cheek now as pale as the shroud that at
even
Is flung o'er the vanishing splendor of heaven.

The grave is the bed of his beauty.—The light
 Of his eyes, is extinguish'd in death's dreary night!
 But the light of the soul, which once sparkled
 within,

Unclouded by sorrow, undarken'd by sin,
 That light is not quench'd! It is flaming above
 On the altar of innocence, beauty and love!
 And bending, his parents to soothe from despair,
 He turns them to heaven and beckons them there!



MY LUTE AND I HAVE DONE.

PARAPHRASED FROM WYATT.



AWAKE, my lute! Let now our last
 Adieu to love and her be cast,
 The end of all we have begun;
 And when this parting lay is past,
 Be still my lute, for I have done!

Though sooner voice can reach the dead,
 Or marble be engrav'd with lead,
 Than by our lay her heart be won,
 Shall sigh be breath'd or word be said?
 No, no, my lute, for I have done!

The cruelty of rocks is less,
 When they the girdling waves repress,
 Than she has thrown my suit upon ;
 Whereby I am beyond redress,
 And thus my lute and I have done !

Though proud thy triumph in the smart
 Of ev'ry fond neglected heart,
 Which love to thy control has won,
 Think not for thine remains no dart,
 Although my lute and I have done !

Revenge shall meet thee for the scorn
 That love sincere from thee has borne ;
 Think not alone, beneath the sun,
 To triumph while poor lovers mourn,
 Although my lute and I have done !

When fade thy charms by with'ring age
 Thou shalt bewail, in winter's rage,
 Except the cold moon heard by none ;
 Then thoughts like mine shall thee engage,
 But care who list, for I have done !

Thy coyness thou shalt well repent,
 And all the time so idly spent
 Thy lovers in distress to run ;
 Then shalt thou know thy charms but lent,
 And sigh for love, as I have done !

Now cease, my lute, for now our last
 Adieu to love and her is cast,
 And all is ended erst begun ;
 Since now the parting lay is past
 Be still my lute, for I have done !

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL ! farewell ! the fervent prayer
 Affection breathes, shall still attend thee
 That happiness may meet thee, where
 Thy future destiny shall send thee ;
 That cherub Health may there be found,
 Her blessings on her pinions bringing,
 And smiling hover thee around,
 Upon thy head those blessings flinging.

United in affection's sway
 When stranger-hearts to thee are given,
 Forget not those who far away
 Regret that from them thou art riven ;
 When treading on a foreign shore,
 Tho' friends as dear,—as fond,—may greet thee,
 Forget not those who sigh, once more
 In health and happiness to meet thee.

And must thou then far distant dwell ?
 My kindest thoughts attend thee thither !
 Our eyes must bid a long farewell,
 But memory shall waft thee hither !
 And when thy thoughts are backward flung
 Of scenes departed to remind thee,
 Wilt thou not think of me, among
 The friends whom thou hast left behind thee ?



FAREWELL TO E—— K——



How oft shall memory's glance be cast
 To the lovely eve when I met thee last !
 No star was seen in the silver sky,
 And the moon was hid from mortal eye,
 And the sun had gone to his briny bed,
 Yet a beautiful light upon earth was shed,
 For the gloam of eve had a soften'd ray
 Reflected from the departing day ;
 And I said in my heart, as I mark'd how tender
 A light had succeeded the vanish'd splendor,
 " May a beam as soft—as calm—and as sweet,
 Illumine thy heart till again we meet!"

Each moment fled on too swift a wing
 The fated moment of parting to bring,
 And I felt that there is no pang above
 The pang inflicted on Parting Love!

As my fingers twin'd in thy locks of gold
 Adown thy neck of ivory roll'd,
 And I saw thy blue eyes, fix'd on mine,
 In soft and artless tenderness shine,
 And I prest in mine thy dear, dear hand,
 My feelings I could not well command,
 But I turn'd my head to hide the tear
 At the thought of parting with one so dear.

But I was sooth'd by the welcome word
 That our last farewell should be defer'd,
 And we should meet again on the morrow,
 Yet it must be a meeting of sorrow,
 For we meet to part!—But why complain?
 Since we only part to meet again—
 To meet again in an hour of joy,
 Which no dread of parting shall alloy.

But dearest, before thou leav'st me spare
 One tress of thy beautiful auburn hair,
 Which often, while thou must distant be,
 My lips may press as if it were thee!

And the prayer I day and night shall breathe,
That upon the dear head, where that auburn
wreath

Once danc'd, may descend misfortune never,
But blessings rain forever and forever.

Farewell to thee, dearest! but with thee bear
A heart that will love thee every-where!
Farewell to thee, dearest! do not regret me,
But if my memory pain thee, forget me!
Farewell, since fate must our parting compel!
Farewell to thee, dearest! Farewell! Farewell!



THE REGRET.



Would that we had met before
Thou hadst to another spoken
What can be recal'd no more,
Nor, except by death, be broken!

Would that I had met thee, ere
Thou hadst to another given
All I love or value here,—
All on earth I dream'd of heaven!

When of other maids I sung,
 Wrapt in fond imagination,
 Charms that were not theirs I flung
 O'er them, in a dream's creation.

Eyes of heaven's deepest blue,
 Undulating raven tresses,
 Cheeks that shame the rose's hue,
 Lips that love soft-breathing presses;

Those in others I may find
 Lovely as they cluster o'er thee,
 But the beauties of thy mind
 Bade me more than those adore thee.

Once,—but once,—a mind I met
 All in all thine own resembling,
 But it in a form was set
 Where no outward charms were trembling.

All who erst my heart could win
 Soon its ardour found declining,
 Till I found without—within—
 All their charms in thee combining!

Then indeed the dream display'd
 Truth that all its raptures smothers,
 For I found my vision'd maid
 Liv'd indeed—but liv'd another's!

But farewell! I'd not prevail
 On thy plighted heart to waver;
 Could its truth a moment fail,
 Mine would scorn the worthless favour.



THE LONELY HEART.



I HAD a father—he is dead!—
 A mother—she no more is mine!—
 A sister—on her grave I tread!—
 And brothers—they in death recline!—
 I had a friend—he rent the tie!—
 I had a lov'd one—ruthless fate!—
 Where is *she* now? And what am *I*?
 Oh God! This heart is desolate!



TO A LITTLE BOY

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.



ALAS, no more a mother's tongue
 Shall bless her darling boy in thee!
 Those little arms, which round her clung,
 When thou hast prattled on her knee,

Those arms no more shall her embrace,
 No more thy pillow be her breast ;—
 Thine eyes no more shall greet her face,—
 Thy lips no more to her's be prest.

Though here she never shall be found,
 From thee her spirit has not fled ;
 But still she hovers thee around
 To shower her blessings on thy head :
 Yes, bending from the world of bliss,
 Where now her home eternal lies,
 Upon her darling boy, in this,
 She turns her bright immortal eyes.

Oh may the God who call'd her there,
 The Father of the Fatherless,
 His Holy Spirit's guardian care
 To thee impart, to guide and bless ;
 To lead thee to the realms above,
 Where now her arms are open thrown,
 To clasp thee in that world of Love,
 Where parting shall no more be known.

WRITTEN UNDER A

BOUQUET IN AN ALBUM.

THOUGH Lady thou, with glance admiring,
 Have met the violet's eyes of blue,
 The lilly's virgin breast retiring
 In bashful sweetness from the view,
 The rose, like beauty in its pride,
 Which blushes as it courts thine eyes,
 And every lovely flower beside
 That blooms in Flora's Paradise ;
 One flower I know can all excel
 That bloom around us or above ;—
 Oh lady, need thy Minstrel tell
 That flower is named the Flower of Love !

**THE HOUR OF EVEN.**

AS at the lovely Hour of Even,
 I gaze upon yon spangled heaven,
 Which in its azure veil array'd,
 Reminds me of my Blue-ey'd Maid,

Wilt Thou, enthron'd in glory there,
 The cause of all that's bright and fair,
 Wilt Thou not from thy holy sphere
 The prayer I breathe to bless her hear,
 That her unsullied heart may be
 Resign'd to God—to Love—to me,—
 And when by death from shrines of clay
 Our spirits shall be wing'd away,
 We may, to part no more, unite
 In worlds of bliss, of love, and light!



THE ADIEU.



FAREWELL, farewell, my blue-ey'd maid!
 Those words I thought to utter never,
 Till death's cold hand were on me laid
 To tear me from thy sight forever;
 But deaden'd to affection's sway
 Thy bosom proves ;—then let the fire,
 Whose ardour thou couldst ill repay,
 With all my dearest hopes, expire!

We part—but must we part unkindly?
 I thought not once this e'er might be,

When, yielding to my passion blindly,
 I turn'd mine every hope to thee:
 I thought that from a guileless heart
 The fond, the dear, confession came,
 That should we but a moment part,
 Thy pangs and mine would be the same.

I once was welcom'd by the eyes
 Whose angry lightnings blast me now,
 And smiling calm as ev'ning skies,
 I once beheld that darken'd brow :
 Why art thou chang'd? or is it true,
 Affection was to thee unknown,
 E'en when those starry eyes of blue
 Their thrilling smile have on me thrown?

Farewell,—and never may thy heart,
 My blue-ey'd maid, as well regret
 The hour that we forever part,
 As mine the hour we ever met!
 With an internal prayer that thou
 May see no hope in ruin laid,
 My last adieu I leave thee now;
 Farewell,—farewell,—my blue-ey'd maid!

THE RECAL.

FORGIVE the wild ungovern'd burst
 Of frantic love, so ill requited,
 That rav'd its hopes too fondly nurst
 For years, and in a moment blighted!
 Not from my heart the accents fell
 Which flung a stern adieu forever ;
 This heart could never bid farewell,
 My blue-ey'd maid,—Oh never, never!

I met thee with a sullen cloud—
 It fled before a ray of kindness ;
 And I forgot mine anger proud,
 Enslav'd again in passion's blindness ;
 'Though love may linger far away,
 An exile from thy heart forever,
 Can mine rebel against his sway?
 My blue-ey'd maid, Oh never, never!

**TO JULIET.**

My darling girl, if soon forever
 From one another we must sever,
 Though thou perhaps will not regret me,
 But in the parting hour forget me,

Go where thou wilt, to memory's eye
 Thine image shall be ever nigh.

If fortune's smile, or glory's ray,
 Upon my lot hereafter play,
 My prayer shall rise that thou may be
 As blest, if not more blest than me.
 But if my future path I find
 As dark as I have left behind,
 Thy Minstrel Boy shall breathe a prayer,
 That thou his lot may never share.

Though sorrow's rod be on me laid,
 Though clouds my dark existence shade,
 May angels hover near, from ill
 To guard their sister angel still.

And if indeed thou wouldest be blest,
 Be virtue still thy bosom's guest ;
 Let virtue's charms adorn thy heart,
 And bright and lovely as thou art,
 The sparkling soft cerulean eyes,
 Like stars amid the azure skies ;
 The ringlets, wreathing in their brightness
 Around a brow of marble whiteness ;
 And all thy loveliness combin'd,
 Will be more lovely for thy mind.

WRITTEN ON THE NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE

DEAF AND DUMB.

Of ignorance the former victims, here
 Rise to a nobler and a happier sphere ;
 The blessings their unhappy lot denied
 Again by education are supplied ;
 To burst the clouds that wrap the mind in night ;
 To gaze on Science in her shrine of light ;
 When friends belov'd in social converse meet,
 To interchange with them communion sweet ;—
 With warm affection's eloquence to tell
 What fond emotions in the bosom swell ;—
 These blessings they have found,—nor these alone ;
 They know the most sublime that can be known—
 They know a God!—to Him their steps are led
 The path of everlasting joy to tread ;—
 Their knees are taught to bow His throne before ;
 Their hearts a Friend and Father to adore.

Before her God, upon her bended knee,
 In fervent prayer the cherub infant see ;
 Her raven hair in tremulous wreaths entwining,
 Upon her cheek's carnation bed reclining ;

While she might seem to the enthusiast's eyes
 Descended in her beauty from the skies!
 Her lips are mute,—but from her heart a prayer
 Ascends to heav'n, is heard and answer'd there;
 And wouldest thou know what from that heart
 proceeds ?

For those who led her to a God she pleads,
 That all the blessings they to her have given
 May be on earth repaid them, and in heaven.



THE MUSIC OF BEAUTY.



To me thy lips are mute, but when I gaze
 Upon thee in thy perfect loveliness,—
 No trait that should not be,—no lineament
 To jar with the exquisite harmony
 Of Beauty's music, breathing to the eyes,
 I pity those who think they pity me ;
 Who drink the tide that gushes from thy lips
 Unconscious of its sweets, as if they were
 E'en as I am—and turn their marble eyes
 Upon thy loveliness, without the thrill
 That maddens me with joys's delirium.

THE SWISS-SHEPHERD'S SONG,

FROM THE FRENCH.



WHEN shall the day return for me
 Each object of my love to see ?
 Our crystal rills,
 Our little hills,
 With rapture's thrills
 When shall I view ?
 Our hamlets, and our mountains too ?
 On her who ornaments them gaze,
 Sweet Isabelle? Or tread the maze
 Of dance, where yews repel the sunny blaze ?

When shall the day return for me
 Each object of my love to see ?
 My father meet,
 My mother greet,
 My sister sweet,
 And brother dear ?
 My flocks,— my sheep,
 When shall I keep,
 With shepherd-maiden near ?

EULOGY EXTRAORDINARY.



THOUGH she is fair, not her's the dazzling blaze
 Which bids us kneel adoring as we gaze;
 Within her veins no lordly crimson flows,
 And fortune at her feet no treasure throws ;
 No sparkling wit illuminates her mind,
 And few the gems of science there enshrin'd ;
 Yet her's a charm that every charm supplies,
 That bids me love her,—bids me idolize
 As she were a descended Cherubim,—
 She loves her God, and loves me next to Him !



EPITHALAMIUM.



As now you hail the hour of bliss,
 Be all your future hours like this!
 Nor shall that prayer be breath'd in vain
 While love as now your hearts retain;
 Nor ill shall frown upon you, while
 The eyes of love to bless you smile ;

Nor anguish near her terrors bring
 While you to one another cling ;
 But every bliss, in bright array,
 Around you shall forever play,
 Which now is with its pinion airy
 Fanning thee and thy Angel Mary.

Thy angel! Yes! she well may claim
 Though mortal an immortal's name,
 For all the charms to her belong
 That poets sketch in fancy's song,
 Or lovers, with delusion's eyes
 Create themselves to idolize.
 The angels, as to gaze they bend,
 A sister's name to her may lend,
 And echo to the prayer we breathe,
 That every blessing may a wreath
 Entwine, whose bloom shall never vary,
 For thee and for thy Angel Mary.

And see, within that wreath to blaze,
 Love,—Beauty,—Youth,—combine their rays;
 While Friendship's hand another flower
 Would add to the ambrosial shower ;
 And Friendship's eyes another beam
 Upon the tide of light and stream,
 Whose halo on the nuptial brow
 Salutes their gaze enraptur'd now ;

But earth can give no added bliss,—
 Then Friendship asks alone, that this
 May never for a moment vary
 From thee or from thy Angel Mary.



GOOD NIGHT.



MAY slumber kiss thy dear lids lightly,
 May fancy sketch thy visions brightly,
 Good angels guard thy couch from sorrow,
 And pleasure welcome thee to-morrow.

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

Page 11, line 1, for *meteor's*, read *meteors'*.
 " line 4, dele the marks of quotation.
 " line 5, for *thou shall*, read *thou shalt*.
 " line last, for *thow are*, read *thou art*.
 12, line 21, for *E'en*, read *Even*
 13, line 3, for *meteor's*, read *meteors'*.
 28, line 1, for *shown*, read *shone*.
 " line 11, for *ruffian*, read *ruffians*.
 60, last line but one, for *heathens*, read *heathen's*.
 107, line 2, for *Here*, read *Her*.
 139, line 8, for *mountain's*, read *mountains'*.
 179, line 17, for *Wish*, read *With*.
 180, line 2, for *were*, read *where*.

